



*Clover
Blossoms*



Class _____

Book _____





Mrs. E. F. Jenney -

December 25th 1887



Elizabeth Goodhue Hedge

BORN AUGUST 15, 1799.

Clover Blossoms



BY

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TO THE FRIENDS OF HUMANITY,
TO THE HYDE PARK THOUGHT CLUB,
AND
TO THE DEAR MOTHER
WHO HAS BEEN SO CONSTANT A CHEERER, THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS LOVINGLY
DEDICATED,
WITH THE HOPE THAT ITS HUMBLE FLOWERS AND GARNERED
THOUGHT LEAVES MAY YIELD SOME SAVOR
OF HOPE AND JOY.

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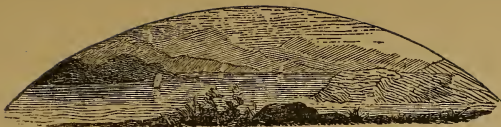
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LINES TO THE MERRIMAC.

THOU'RT rolling on as thou hast done
For many a long, long year,
Since first the Indian hunter lone
Viewed thee without a fear.

Thou'rt still the same bright glowing stream
That thou wert wont to flow,
When here the hungry panther's scream
Was heard long, long ago.

Thy waters glide as noiselessly,
Though man's relentless hand
Has bid them roll less proudly by,
Nor swell from sand to sand.

Free, pebbly bed and moss so dear
Receives thy dewy kiss,
While pensive hare-bell drops a tear
At parting friend like this.

With hasty leap thou passest them
Nor makest much ado
At graving on some solid beam,
A message short for you.

Written while at School.

A WHISPER WITH AUTUMN.

OH, woodbine and oak and maple!
You're taking on gorgeous hues,
While sunshine grows still more radiant
And chiller the evening dews.
But, brightening the distant hillside,
The sumachs are holding a fête,
To which are invited the berries
Which ripen and harden so late.

Rich Fruits of the beauteous prophecy
Which filled all the blooms of May,
Are loading the air with perfumes sweet,
And brilliant and golden ray.
For the Summer's garnered wealth,
Perfected in ripened shape,
Is glowing in apple and peach and plum,
And the luscious, right royal grape.

'Tis not dying you are, in that beautiful dress
Of scarlet and purple and gold!
But dropping the needless to make secure
The germ from the winter's cold;
For soon you will cover the rootlets o'er
From the rain and the snow and the blast,
And await the new life that is sure to come
When the winter of rest is past.

So, beautiful Autumn! we love thee the more
For the promise thy coming brings,
That the loved and lost will yet be ours
In the land where the spirit sings:
And that nothing is lost the Father has giv'n
To gladden our life here below;
But the ties which are severed and leaves which
have fall'n,
Will all help the spirit to grow.

COMPENSATIONS.

FADING AND RIPENING.

Do these Autumn days seem sad or dreary to you? Think for a moment how kindly the great All Father is shedding down, through the opening vistas of the trees and woods, the precious warming and cheering sunshine. Every falling leaf is making room for greater inflowings of this joy-giver and health-producer. Your vision pent in by foliage, can *now* penetrate to broader ranges, and discover beauties hitherto unexplored. The rich foliage of the trees has hid the stern, simple grace and majesty of their trunks and limbs, and you can now study and admire their proportions. And these wonderful leaves in all their gorgeous beauty of decay! What lesson do they teach us that is worthy of the learning? Is it not that there is a glorious beauty in ripening and even in decay when coming in the order of nature's laws? That, lovely as are the seasons of spring and summer, none are more rich in beauty and fruitage than the times of the sere and falling leaf? That there is as truly a loveliness of decay as of youth or adolescence? To grow old beautifully, and gracefully, and fittingly, is then no mean accomplishment; and to be in harmony with nature's correspondencies, there should be a beauty and richness of character and life therein unsurpassed by any of her precedeing states. To ripen gloriously is worthy of toil and endeavor; that, rich and full of love to God and man leaf-like, there may be no repining for the days that are past.

LINES WRITTEN IN A NEEDLE BOOK
FOR FREDEREKA BREMER,
WHEN HERE.

O little book ! your use perform,
And though within your leaves there lie
No treasures such as minds can form
Of thoughts that soar on pinions bright,
Or drink from fancy's glowing fount,—

Yet sometimes in a quiet hour,
A whisper drop in truth's free ear —
And say when solemn thoughts have power,
That she who help'd your leaves appear
Is dedicate to good alone :—

These hands no other mission own
Than use in virtue's holy cause.
This heart would gather for its own
All who regard the blissful laws
Of love to God, and love to man.

DIVINE EARNESTNESS.

THE Apostle Paul, in his stirring letter to the Phillippians, said "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before." The soon succeeding words "Brethren, be followers together of me," would imply that the strongest wish of this devoted servant of Christ was to have those who had been attracted to the truth by the inspiring zeal of his testimonies awake to their highest duty.

To forget all things that ought to be forgotten. Their sins and errors had been confessed and repented of, as their first step in discipleship. There were many things in their past lives which it were better never to have learned, but which now must be forgotten; for all things were to become "new." Having thus dropped all needless encumbrances, what was the next duty? "Reaching forth" unto the better, higher and more spiritual; "press toward the mark," etc.

As runners for an earthly prize lay aside every weight and impediment, so must the winner of the heavenly state become inspired with a holy enthusiasm and a living earnestness to win the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, or become like him.

Viewed outwardly, there was little or no success in his life; but what a glorious result was that when he could say "I have overcome the world." When that natural organism through which he was manifested had become so pure a receptacle that "Satan could find nothing in it;" that the pure unselfish doctrines which he taught had found their exponent in his life.

Certainly that life is most a benefaction which is most fruitful in good works, and has done the most to lighten the burden of misery which weighs so heavily on earth's groaning children. As a poet has so beautifully expressed : —

“They whose great souls were great beyond compare,
They whose high Prophet brows did ever shine,
They who made earth most beautiful and fair,
Drank not while here of pleasure's purple wine;
But were content the cross and scorn to bear,
Enduring all things in a calm sublime;
And he who did the weightiest sorrow wear,
With noblest heart bloomed into the Divine.
Then let us never murmur nor complain
When the night darkens and the icy rain
Of wrong and hatred beats around our way,
But joy that we “are counted worthy,” so
With blessed martyrs toil to undergo,
The hero labors while the children play.”

Not, we presume, that there should be no play, but that our souls should glow with so divine an earnestness that play would be impossible when the needs around required work, and that would speak its silent voice of reproof to our souls if we would allow ourselves to shirk the burdens of life.

If a soul should become wrecked on the dark strands of despair through our indifference, will not some accusing angel of mercy lower us into some *hell of condemnation* long enough to convince us that “inasmuch as we have done, or not done, it to one of the least, we have done, or not done, it to Him?” Nothing but the daily justice and purity of our lives can make us winners of that richest prize, a sweet, subdued and self-sacrificing love for God, manifested in our love for each other, until the human temple from which this light streams forth becomes beautiful and glorious, even though it be worn with the furrows of age, or otherwise “marred in the hands of the potter.”

THE MOTHER HEART.

SWEET ones that now in vision bright appear,
With smiles thy mother's saddened heart to cheer,
Within my soul each word is treasured fast,
Each look that dres't thee in that meeting past.
My own 'dear Fred, my darling, darling boy,
How little know'st thou in thy childish joy
The hopes and fears thy mother's felt for thee,
The prayers that thine a guarded lot may be.
And Ella! sweet one! with thy thoughtful eye,
How o'er thy absence doth my spirit sigh.
Kind angels guard thee like a tender dove,
While she who loves thee with undying love
Pines at thy absence from her watchful care,
And every thought of thee is full of prayer.
And thou my darling Clara! youngest born;
For whom I've wet my pillow night and morn,
And prayed in anguish that my spirit rent;
How oft in feeling o'er thy couch I've bent
And wept and blest thee o'er and o'er again.
Thy gentle form I'd shield from fear and pain—
But Oh, I've gazed upon thee precious one!
Thank God I've prest thee to my heart each one!
I know but this — the sundered meet above;
Though grief be theirs on earth in heaven there's love.

Written after an enforced separation of three years, in which the father claimed the possession of all the children, and maintained it by the then law.



THE NEW YEAR.

A New Year! Clean and fresh from the Creator's hand! What shall we do with it? Keep it pure and clean and white? God grant we may; and not mar its beauty with one dishonorable act or thought, one selfish, low or unmanly deed, one base, trivial or inhuman pursuit. There is no time like a new year's dawn for the loftier resolve, the solemn pledge and the new life, to correspond with the new dawn.

Let us resolve that all we can do to make life nobler, truer, and happier, we will do, that our homes shall be made more sweet and happy and cheerful, with more considerate love for all therein. That the beaming love of our hearts shall warm and cheer and hold in willing vassalage the hearts of the young around us. That home shall be the dearest and best place on earth. Let us keep it one long Christmas and New Year's time of happiness for the young, that they may never have to wander forth in search of joy, or come too soon on the temptations which abound. Above all let us keep their hearts so securely that they will always be drawn homeward with longing as to the one most precious spot. Let us set them an example of promptitude in the settlement of all arrearages, and become more noble and true, forgiving and wise, more just and discreet to old and to young, denying to self and patient to all. Thus may we answer the song the angels have sung of "Peace upon earth and good will unto men."

“THE DEW DROPS OF GRIEF FORM A RAINBOW
IN EVERY TRUE HEART.”



SAD tears at our partings, and heart
aching sorrows,

When words are too feeble and tears
all too poor

To imagine at all, our grief as it
flows :

O tell me are ye the sweet dew
drops so pure,

Which the sunlight of love and of
truth will make bright?

And sparkling as rainbows which
span the pure arch

And form in the soul a bright halo of light?

If such be your mission sad dew drops of grief,

If without you no bright glowing rainbow can form,

If the storm must precede the peace breathing calm,

O welcome the dew drops, the rain, or the storm !

For sooner the tints of the rainbow appear,

In joy and delight will the clouds sooner break.

And brightened and washed with the dew drops of grief,

Our souls the sweet tints of the rainbow will take.

A GOOD TIME COMING.

“ Oh ! peerless dream of Brotherhood !
Thou art man's noblest heritage ;
The perfect state, the final good
That still delays from age to age.”

From Bible days and down through the ages, the ideal of man has pictured a perfect state of society ; a condition free from the sins and sufferings of vice and poverty ; and he has looked longingly and prayerfully toward such a blessed consummation. How it was to be attained has been answered by as many voices as there have been systems or creeds. The Bible student once believed it would come of itself at the close of certain periods of time. The more acute reasoner who believed that what at first seemed miraculous, was produced by laws not heretofore understood — of cause and effect — came to believe that the work of the good and the pure are needful to the bringing in of the day of the Lord, and that the “good time coming” will come when all work for it with a will, and when mankind, remembering that they are all brothers, alleviate all the suffering and misery they can. How the heart throbs at the recital of suffering or wrong toward a neighbor ! Surely we are members one of another, bound together by the ties of a common parentage. The news that our brothers and sisters in humanity are being swept from their homes by the raging floods, and left at the mercy of the elements, stirs our hearts to a sympathy which exclaims at once “What can I do?” and we rouse ourselves from our comforts and gladly exclaim, “Oh, I can do something ! I can spare this garment, or this ; and how quickest can I send it?” But you find, ere you have time to execute your purpose, that the appeal for help

has reached the ears and hearts of the monied power, and relief is furnished. The monied men are doing much, but each one may do something, for the flood is at our doors, and we must work or be overwhelmed ourselves in the destruction. All can help, but none more effectually than the young women who have an influence they little realize over their brothers and friends. Not by saying, "Oh, I like the smell of a good cigar!" or, by doing as a lively young woman once did when on a sleighing party. The company stopped at a hotel, and one of the number was asked "what she would have?" The suddenness and novelty of the question amused her, for she had no thought of wanting anything to drink, and she replied, "Mint julep," or some name she had heard of. Her companion went into the barroom, but he brought her nothing of the kind, for he knew too well she would not touch it. But the thoughtlessness of her reply showed her in after years how little she had realized the necessity of young women standing firm for temperance, if they would be of help to those whom they love, instead of enticements in dangerous ways.



PARASITES.

We wonder, sometimes, whether the admirers of the idea, that man is as a tree, while woman is best represented as a clinging vine, have sought for the wisdom as well as beauty of the arrangement. To any who have ever attempted to remove from a valuable and thrifty tree, a vine, which seemed bent on taking full possession, the experience must have been suggestive. Tendrils, which once were soft and pliable, have become like rings of steel, and in every direction, are girding the limbs with such tenacity, that as the tree grows, they almost cut into its marrow, and thus, by preventing the flow of its life juices, are hastening it on to certain destruction.

Are they not parasites, or too near akin to them? Mutually enfeebling each other, instead of blessing—while if the vine could have been, by favoring circumstances, provided with a suitable trellis, where it could have luxuriated in the sunshine and air—the natural life and stimulus of all God's animal and vegetable creation—rich and luscious fruits might have crowned both their lives.

“Created upright”—by leaning, and thus losing the individuality she *should* have retained, she has not only failed to develop her own powers, and those of her supporter, but dwarfed her own strength and womanhood, beyond the ability for present uprightness. She must have time to put on the solid growth, which comes of healthy, harmonious conditions, ere she rises to her true glory and usefulness.

THE ANGELS WORD.

AND THE ANGEL SAID, "O GREATLY BELOVED !
FEAR NOT, PEACE BE UNTO THEE, BE
STRONG, YEA BE STRONG."

FEAR not, fear not, though trials press,
And sorrows dark around you throng ;
My peace I give, my peace to bless ;
Be strong ! O yea I say — be strong !

What though the hosts of darkness try
In wrath your conflict to prolong,
Fear not, fear not, but bid them fly,
Be strong ! O yea I say — be strong.

Come then and launch the shoreless deep
O sweetly sing the heavenly song,
The angels time we now will keep
Here's peace and love, be strong, be strong.

Fear not beloved, fear ye not
In love be like that holy throng
As undefiled and free from spot,
Here's peace and love, be strong, be strong.

“WE ARE A PART OF THE DIVINE POWER
AGAINST EVIL.”

WHEN this idea obtains a stronger hold upon the consciousness of the good people of the land, the “good time coming” will have nearly dawned. The hope and courage which it will inspire to work for the welfare of our fellows will be sufficient to carry us over all the discouragements and perplexities which so often make us feel, that, with all our efforts, evil is gaining ground.

We believe that goodness and peace are to triumph, because they are of God and therefore indestructible, but that they can only do so through human co-operation with the Divine. We know we have no right to expect exemption from evil and its consequences, unless we are faithful in combating it and still more faithful in preventing it.

The mother who would save her child from drunkenness, will not, if she is consistent, educate him to love the taste of wine and brandy by flavoring her dainty sauces with them, when she can so easily substitute something harmless. Though she may have been brought up to think that her mince pie must have a little brandy or wine in it to give it the desired flavor, still, for the love of her boy who so soon has to meet the perils of youth and manhood, she will bring him up with an unperverted taste, that will enjoy the pure, sweet blessings of Nature without their perversions. She will teach him that a fine manly self-denial will insure him the love of the good and pure, and most of all, a self-respect which will sustain him

and make his life a joy and a blessing to all. The appetite which craves stimulants is too often the one, which not only inherits its predisposition, but has been fed and increased through childhood and youth.

Let us then remember that we are all educators, whether by our words, our example, our taste, our opinions ; in short, our whole being exerts a power for good or ill which is limitless as the ocean wave.

“The line of conduct chosen during the five years, from fifteen to twenty, will, in almost every instance, determine a youth’s character for life. As he is then careful or careless, prudent or imprudent, industrious or indolent, truthful or dissimulating, intelligent, temperate or dissolute, so will he be in after years ; and it needs no prophet to cast his horoscope or calculate his chances in life.”



“IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.”



H saddest words that drop from hearts
Whose lives have felt thy sting,
Who weep beneath the peace disturbed
Which this keen thought doth bring.

“It might have been” a home of joy
Of peace and happy love
Had not the spoiler self-born sway
And grieved the heavenly dove.

It might have been a home for aye,
A refuge from the storm,
A solace from the ills of life,
That haunt while in the form.

Ah more, it might have been a joy,
An inspiration to the soul

Which looking for the joys on high
Would have them earthward roll,—

And bid the heavenly kingdom come
And will of God be done
Upon the earth as in the sphere
Where mortal race is run.

FOLLOW ME!

JESUS I will follow thee,
Thorny tho' the path may be.
Should it lead to Calvary
Thou'lt support and comfort me.
Other refuge I have none —
Other stay or succor none,
Naught on earth to lean upon,
But thy promise of "well done."

In thy mercy I will trust,
Though it lay me in the dust,
Though it slay me — yet I must
Have my union with the just.
Father! Mother! thou wilt own
Every plant thy care hath sown:
Though I tread the press alone;
Thou through all the way hast gone.

Thou hast mark'd it with thy tears,
With thy blood and bitter fears;
Thou through all the weary years
Sought the day that now appears;
Day of freedom and of peace,
When all bonds and fetters cease,
May its fullness yet increase
To an all perfecting peace.

“THE WATERS WERE RISEN, WATERS TO SWIM IN.”

EZEKIEL 47-5.

OUT of the deep waters, my soul cries to Thee
 For the billows are beating and surging around,
 No beacon, nor light can my weary eyes see,
 But all seem a wilderness vast and profound
 And wildly my soul cries—

Oh save, or I sink !

The Lord of the tempest who comes to my view,
 And kindly inspires me with courage and hope,
 Doth each tender promise and comfort renew
 And strengthens my heart with the billows to cope
 Till faintly my soul cries —

He saves lest I sink !

Away from all props and the shore I must swim,
 And trust on the billows my life and my all ;
 Though beating so wildly they listen to Him,
 And bear me along on their rise and their fall —
 Till calmly my soul breathes —

He saved lest I sink !

July 16th 1864.



“FREE INDEED.”

“Oh, Freedom, lovely in mine eyes,
To thee I'm bound in duty!
In thee is an eternal prize,
Thy ways are ways of beauty.
As fawns upon the mountain's height,
Or as the eagles in their flight,
To be in perfect liberty,
My soul does long to be as free!”

Everything in nature, from the bird on the wing to the pearl in the depth of the sea, lives a life of freedom, choosing from among the surrounding elements those it needs to add to its development as part of the perfect work of God; and we see little to mar that perfection, save in those whose simple habits of life have been modified by man, without attention to nature's laws of periods and rest, etc. etc.

And can we believe that humanity — God's highest work — should be *less* free?

In the words of another, we believe that “There is no greater crime than to stand between a man and his development; to take any law, or institution, and put it around him like a collar, and fasten it there, so that as he grows and enlarges he presses against it till he suffocates and dies.”

But we also read, that “whom the truth maketh free is free indeed,” and have believed that such freedom was attainable, and a duty. Consecrated to the service of the eternal Good, we have sought deliverance from “the bondage of Sin” (not from its condemnation, for that was mercy's work to lead us to repentance), and have felt called to attain that “glorious liberty of the sons and daughters of God;” *liberty* to become the Lord's free men and women, and arrive at the stature of manhood and womanhood, which no state of subjection, or slavery, could possibly afford the conditions of attaining.

For, not only was the soul to be cultured and disciplined, but the body, by living in obedience to God's laws was to become "every whit whole."

When the prophet declared that "*all* should be taught of God," and that his law should be written on their hearts and inward parts," he saw, in vision, the day in which we live, when the heavens are opening, and natural, and spiritual, and celestial truths are shining on the mind with a force and beauty hitherto unknown.

All new truths, however popular ultimately, have their periods of being heresy to those who so rigidly conserve the old, that they cannot, will not, or *dare* not, comprehend them. And all receivers and abettors of such ideas are, for the time heretics and infidels, until the age to which such unprogressive minds belong comes slowly up the hill of time.

A late writer has said: "The world still awaits the great deliverance. And the needs press, always imperative, now importunate, and utterly resistless. The old hastens to decay; the new is beating in throes. Never was there such a day as our eyes behold. Social re-organization is the question of the hour, but not superseding individual re-generation. The old order has well nigh come to the unbearable state. The competitive selfishness, the low aims, and the mean idolatries, that have long prevailed, have reduced us to the last stages of endurance. What throes in the civil world! and these but faintly typical of the revolutions and transformations that are soon to be; foreshadowings of which are now visiting saintly souls. Man shall know the joy of a full redemption, perfect enfranchisement, perfect doing, and perfect peace."

Those whom God calls, he cheers with the clarion notes of *freedom*, and they sing accordant strains. No bands can bind them; for compulsory service is of no available use. And, after the soul learns to obey the laws of God in its being, and obedience is its joy and delight, it comes into freedom as spontaneously as the eagle in its aerie, or "the fawn upon the mountain's top."



COMFORTING PROMISES.



IN the furnace I am by thee ;
Guarding with a watchful eye,
That its heat may not destroy thee ;
Only cleanse and purify.
Fondest love for thee I cherish
Seekers of a heavenly prize
Let the fallen nature perish ;
While its flames about you rise.

In the darksome lonely valley,
Still beside thee I will walk ;
In my arms of love I'll bear thee,
Till thou'rt landed on the Rock ;
Thou shalt know it is thy Saviour
Thus doth lead thee on thy way ;
With a love that's like no other,
Holy, constant, pure as day.



WORK.

JESUS said, "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day. The night cometh, when no man can work."

WE all know what it is to employ ourselves about something we call work. It may be something of use, or it may be very frivolous and unnecessary; still, if it call out of us an earnestness of action, physical exercise for the body, and employment for the mind, it is better than inaction. For if we observe nature faithfully we shall see that every thing works from man, whose pleasant work it was to till and dress the garden, to the minutest insect, or tiniest leaf upon the tree.

The laborious toil which depresses by its long continuance and ill-paid servitude, is still better than idleness and inertia; the noisy blusterer better than the no worker. But how preferable the profound worker, who in silence brings forth grand results.

As woman by self-denial and cultivation, rises above the plane of passional and sensual life, will not man, too, feel that this life of toil is not without its physiological use? This beautiful earth needs multitudes of agriculturists to keep and dress it, whose manliness would be better preserved than by crowding into the steaming cities, and entering upon pursuits calling for but little outlay of muscle, or of mind. The life-giving stimulus for work, derived from the fresh breezes of heaven and nature's charms, is immeasurable. The Apostle said, "Work out your own salvation," or *deliverance* from any

evil that oppresses or afflicts, particularly any sinful habit. Have we a temper which would compel the tongue to utter words which our reason would condemn? We have work to do, that we say or do nothing we would not have another say or do to us. Have we moodiness and moroseness in our natural temperament? We have, if possible, harder work to do, to become the genial, kind and loving beings the followers of Christ should be; diffusers of that love which should control each thought and deed.

Are we prone to be trivial and giddy—thoughtless and indifferent in our spiritual nature—its sweet and blessed resources yet unawakened? Then let us heed the Apostle's word and commence on a life of higher earnestness.

“The temple of God is holy which temple are ye.” Let us realize, then, that the time for “the cleansing of the sanctuary” has come to us, and that all that is not hallowed and of use, in purifying and refining the temple, should be driven out. We find there is work in this; and to have it thoroughly furnished, fit for the Holy Spirit to inhabit, is work worthy of an angel's love and zeal. As the poet has so fitly said—

“Let us do our work all well,
Both the unseen and the seen,
Make the house where Gods should dwell
Beautiful and fair and clean.”

Cheerfully, then let us “work with our might,” feeling that by so doing we are putting ourselves in harmony with the Creator and His works, and becoming resurrected into the angelic life of pure and heavenly love and unselfish uses.

Each and all of us, if we do truly follow Christ, will find our “wilderness of temptation,” our garden of Gethsemane,” as well as our “mount of Transfiguration. And if we shrink not from them, nor deny the Christ, who is seeking by every tender and loving appeal, to win and hold us to the service of love and truth, great will be our reward. We may find the cross, some-

times, heavy and burdensome, and the yoke galling ; but the quiet rest of spirit we experience, after a temptation overcome, or a decisive "Get thee behind me Satan," will more than compensate for all the pain.

"These are they who have come up out of great tribulation and have washed their robes (not without labor) in the life of the Lamb" — by no vicarious atonement ; for as the Scriptures say, "Obedience is better than sacrifice." "The blood is the life," and they have lived his life, and followed the Lamb whithersoever he goeth," or has led. Their confession and repentance have "cleansed their robes" so that they have "no fearful looking forward" to the future ; but a quiet trust that the same loving heart which said "she hath done a good work" will receive them into his peaceful habitations in the spirit land, or call them to still more earnest work in his spiritual vineyard.

For every faithful soul there awaits the solemn consciousness which prompted the words of Jesus, "I have finished the work thou gavest me to do," and this will be the consolation whenever brought before the bar of enlightened conscience, or in receiving the verdict of unchangeable truth and right.

That wise writer Ecclesiasticus said, "Hate not laborious work, neither husbandry, which the Most High hath ordained." So far from laborious work being degrading, we believe it to be one of the means of man's regeneration. And that the measure of his happiness and honor will ere long be — not how much wealth he has amassed, nor from whom descended ; but, how useful is he to his fellows ? How many anguished souls has he cheered and comforted ? How many needy bodies fed and clothed ? And he will be considered God's truest nobleman who does most of such work, and sets an example of diligent hand labor.

Mothers, whose active little ones surround you, teach them to work, and let them *help* you, tho' their noisy, boisterous

spirits tire instead of helping. And when play time comes, snatch the moments for rest. Let them learn to work skillfully and well, when young, and they will find something to occupy hand and brain as they grow older ; and not, through very disgust of life, find a suicide's grave. Teach them to work that they may be self-sustaining and not obliged to wait for some opportunity to bring to them position and influence unearned.

There will be work to do while there remain any poor souls grovelling in the mire of sensuality, or unblest by the gospel of peace through self-denial. Some Christ will still be needed "to preach to the spirits in the prisons" of darkness, discouragement and death, a gospel of love and uplifting ; and an aptitude gained in this life for benevolent, self-denying labor, must surely add to the spirit's uses, and consequent blessedness.





“HE WILL GIVE HIS ANGELS CHARGE CONCERNING THEE.”

KEEP her, Oh, our heavenly Father
In the hollow of thy hand.
Shield her, Oh our precious mother
With thy shining angel band.

In the darkness be thou near her
To sustain and guide from harm.
In all weariness and weakness
May she feel thy strength'ning arm.

In the valley may thy presence
Round about be sweetly felt;
On the mountain heavenly breezes
Unto her be kindly dealt.

Ripening for that glorious harvest
With the good and pure above,
May life's crosses and its burdens
Gain a sweet reward of love.



“THY KINGDOM COME THY WILL BE DONE ON
EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.”

All Christendom (as it is called) is daily or continually repeating this prayer of its Leader. How sincerely let us see. In that condition which we have imagined as the kingdom of heaven, we read that there will be no sickness nor pain, consequently there can be no mal-formed nor diseased inheritance; “no sorrow nor crying, but all tears wiped away,” therefore none of the causes which produce the unhappiness and misery of earth through violation of the laws of nature can be expected. No oppression of the weak by the strong, nor of the poor by the rich, but right doing, justice, each reaping the fruit of their own labors; none sinning against heavenly conditions as the prodigal did when he was a consumer and waster of natures resources and no longer a producer. “Every man sitting under his own vine and fig tree,” thereby having no necessity nor temptation to trespass upon nor appropriate his neighbors resources.

“I hate robbery for burnt offering” saith the Lord, therefore the sacrifices of that condition cannot be costly buildings erected with the wages of iniquity, the unrequited toil of those who having plowed, reap not; nor the dues of the widow and fatherless. “Nothing to hurt nor destroy in all God’s holy mountain,” therefore no need of police nor prison. “Thy officers will be peace, and thy exactors righteousness;” therefore, the peaceful will not be required to resist evil with carnal weapons, and standing armies, and perjured courts will be unknown. “Great will be the peace of my people, and they shall long enjoy the work of their hands.”

GREAT PEACE HAVE THEY WHO LOVE THY
LAW.



HOLY peace a calm divine
Will make that soul rejoice
Which listening seeks and truly prays
To hear the calm, still voice.
Oh welcome then thou angel guest
Sweet messenger of peace,
And bind our hearts in sweet accord
With love that cannot cease.

The storm and tempest cannot paint
The greatness of our God
One half as truly as that power
Which soothes us 'neath his rod.
The lamb-like mien of Christ be ours.
So gentle, full of love,
And may his spirit on us leave
The image of the dove.

His fire our souls have only felt
And his baptism too,
Beneath the scourging rod we've knelt
With sorrows not a few ;
Our call we've had like Him to walk
By Jordan's stormy tide ;
Then may the spirit of the dove
Within our souls abide.

“IF I BE LIFTED UP I WILL DRAW ALL MEN
UNTO ME.”—JESUS.

To our spiritual understanding, there are three clear inferential statements in this remarkable and peculiar expression :

Firstly, That there was a time when Jesus was not lifted up, or the thoroughly redeemed man he afterward became, else why the “*If* I be lifted up?”

Secondly, That by “lifting up” he meant something immeasurably more significant than the manner by which his spirit was to be released from the clay it was sojourning in.

Thirdly, The immense magnetic power derived from a life lifted up above the ordinary conditions of materiality, and which induced him to believe, with the eye of faith, that he would eventually “draw all men unto him.”

That he was tempted on all points like as we are” we believe, though the high Jewish discipline he had been subjected to had kept him like Paul, “blameless concerning the law,” still we can scarcely find any who have been more severely and continuously tempted.

The apostle says a man “is tempted when he is drawn aside by his own lust and enticed.” But as Jesus came off conqueror, he knows how to feel for, and “succor those who are tempted, and with the temptation make a way for their escape.”

The only Archimedian lever which can move the world of mankind, spiritually, and lift them up to the heights where they too may win souls to right doing is the cross of self-denial Jesus practiced and taught, and which yields by destroying self-love, disinterested love to God and man.

TRUST.

IN the arms of my Father
As a child trustingly I'll lie,
For I know He careth for me :
He will listen to my cry.

He is like a tender mother,
In His gentle, watchful love ;
He is nearer than a brother,
While He bears my soul above.

When the storm clouds darkly gather,
And the thunder mutters deep,
Then I'll think how great a Father
Condescends to guard my sleep.

And I'll nestle closer to Him,
While the forked lightnings gleam,
And serenely lean upon Him,
While I watch their fitful beam.

He'll not leave me sorrowing,
For He stoops to such as I :
He'll not cast me from Him mourning.
For He hears the raven's cry.

And unless his love permits it,
Not a harm can come to me ;
So, why should I not trust him
When He such a friend can be ?

“CONSIDER THE LILIES.”

SLUMBERING in restful quiet — under the pure white mantle of snow — what miracles of wonder are reposing! Miracles, scarce less wonderful than that of creation, await only the genial, magnetic rays of the sun, to astonish us with their beauty. First will come the violets, and then, the crocuses and tulips, from their wonderful bulbs.

Every one has its own marked characteristic individuality — its own perfect life — to spring forth, to bud, to open and exhale its little wealth of bloom and fragrance, and then retire. So of all Nature's creations, in their simple state, be they bird or beast. They know their time, fulfill their life of freedom, and then retire. And does it seem probable that the wise Creator ever intended that his last and crowning work of completeness should have less of the spirit of spontaneity than inferior things?

Must she, because time was when her charm was in her dependence, ever be doomed to rob herself of the health and stamina — which her cares — her duties — so urgently demand of her?

To every mortal the message comes: “*Each Soul to its Maker.*” No sponsor can answer for another, before “the great white throne,” for “the deeds done in the body,” — each one must account for himself or herself.

To live out our ideal of perfected manhood or womanhood, physically, mentally and spiritually, is the call of God to our souls. If indifferent, and supine, on us will come the results — condemnation — for misimproved talents, and unfulfilled uses; for “I have called you to freedom,” and have given you every needed good that you might “grow as the lily” and obtain all the possibilities of life and being.

A TRUE SKETCH.



GENTLE child with love lit'eyes
Her arms around me threw ;
And trustingly she murmured forth
" Oh teacher, I will comfort you."

She heard the sigh which more a prayer,
Unbidden sprang to life,
But little knew the troubled thoughts
Which in my heart were rife :

But felt that 'twas for parted ones
That prayerful sigh had birth,
Dear children who at evening fall
Might share not in our mirth.

Sweet child, though orphaned as she was,
She mourned not at her lot,
For love supplied her every need
And sorrow she had not.

And now her little heart sprung forth
Like tender yearning dove
To help me bear for sundered ones
My untold weight of love.

FRUITFULNESS IN THE DIVINE LIFE.

“ I will that ye bear much fruit.”

To the citizen of the world nothing is more cheering than to witness the evidence of growth around him ; if in the city, the improvement and stability of building ; the good order, industry and intelligence of community. If a dweller in the open land, his interest is different, but none the less hearty, in the improvement of his surroundings. The oak tree, which his own hands planted in boyhood, has grown to be a shade and a solace from the mid-day heat, and the vine which, long years after, he guarded and trained, rewards him yearly with its ripened treasures of fruit.

Nature has few inactive seasons ; but *one* winter for a whole series of blossoming, fruitage and harvest. What then of that most wonderful of all the creations of God ? Are his periods of growth from infancy and on through adolescence to old age the ultimatum ? Or, do they comprehend the whole glory and majesty of humanity ? Verily we believe not.

There is a germ of infinite possibilities in each mortal tene-ment, which may grow and develope into an angel, or dwarf and become debased into the opposite ; a germ which may grow into a creation of beauty and healing, or sink into a dependency and a curse.

As that soul-germ is tended, protected and nurtured, so will be its growth ; till taking on the conditions of maturity, these words of Jesus speak with power to its consciousness — “ I will that ye bear much fruit.”

But what is the fruit that such as are called of God can bear? The same as the natural man, whose enjoyments and pursuits are all "of the earth, earthy?" The same as the natural instincts of man, unilluminated by the self-denying gospel of Christ bring forth, in those who live in the element of worldliness? Most truly we believe not.

A wiser than the generality of mankind has said that the offspring of the spiritually called, are the holy and elevated thoughts, words and deeds which they produce, or transmit, and which bless the world with their elevating tendencies.

This is the fruit that will yield, instead of uncertainty, blight and mildew, positive results of goodness and all the Christian graces. The fruit may be slower in developing than that of any natural crop: but, Oh! so *sure*; for is it not said "The sower to the flesh shall of that reap corruption, but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting?" The results will be a progressive elevation into every thing that is just and pure and lovely in the one case, while the slave of his passions will be sinking lower and lower in subjection to them, until "the evil days will come when he will have no pleasure," and no earthly offspring, or riches, or honor, will be able to cheer the soul entering on the untried spirit condition, for which the other has become so well fitted.

The fruits of the Spirit are love, joy, peace, etc., and though the cross which Jesus bore, arouses in us conditions opposed to those graces, and feels at times heavy, and the yoke burdensome, still will come the time, when the blessed fruition will be obtained and the victory complete.

The battle must be fought by each one for him or herself: in one sense single-handed and alone, each soul to its maker; and in another, as in the company of the just and redeemed of all ages; an innumerable company of the just made perfect. A sympathy which is not of God only weakens and enervates the struggling soul which needs the tonic, bracing air of truth and honest dealing.

Watered by the prayers and tears of the faithful, and the spirit of contrition and godly sorrow; strengthened by the rays of truth and love from the Sun of righteousness; dug about and enriched by the faithful labors of the many consecrated; toughened by the biting winds of adversity and kindly criticism, how sweetly comes echoing down the many years from the great Husbandman: "Trees of my own planting I will that ye bear much fruit." Fruits of love and consecration; the lovely fruits of peace and meekness, which will make you beautiful in the eyes of angels and the good; and which will enable you to become trees of healing and life for the sin-sick souls of earth — "Life-giving nourishment for souls an-hungered."

"I will that ye bear much fruit:"
For the barren and leafless, we know
Give grief to the husbandman's heart.
Then hasten, in spirit to grow.
The dew and the sunlight receive,
The false and the hollow shake off;
And true to thy uses perceive —
Christ's kingdom is not afar off.

If we would grow, we must be faithful in obeying our convictions; faithful in our temporal avocations and in all the duties of life: consecrated in all our faculties to the good of the body of Christ, in all its uses and adornings; withholding no gift which has been entrusted to our care, to be used as by faithful stewards for the interest, enjoyment and edification of the church and our fellows.

Forgetfulness of self, animated with pure benevolence, will make us willing servants of the spheres, in all that is elevating and refining; will make us more like Him who knew no will but the will of the Infinite, and who went about doing good.

We shall learn to pass and repass one another as the angels, and would as soon harm ourselves as injure, by thought, word or deed, the feelings of another. Knowing that love and union

and joy and peace are heaven, we shall not thoughtlessly mar that heaven by anything unfeeling or unkind, but shall speak and act so kindly and lovingly, that never a saddened heart or tear-filled eye shall witness against us.

In this condition of harmony and love, the angels who are sent to minister to the heirs of salvation could reach us, and by their help and influence we can be so swallowed up in heavenly joy and illumination, that the sorrows and trials of life would disappear, and fancied joys be no temptation. The sphere of love, blessing and peace would be so strong and sustaining, that "great would become the peace of Jerusalem," and lookers on would be constrained to exclaim: "Behold how these brethren do love one another!" and thus would be spread our Zion's fair fame.



NO HEAVEN ALONE.

"As the realms of holy wisdom are more and more comprehended, the broader becometh the expanse of heaven."

Could I enjoy a heaven alone?
And know alas my brother man
Was waiting at the outer gate
To see which way the victory ran?
Think you its joy would reach my heart
Or penetrate my deepest soul
If grouping in the dark profound
I left him to the fiends control!

If looking for the bread of life
I gave him in its place a stone,
And turned to go my heavenward way
In deep complacency alone?
Not thus the man of sorrows taught
When moved with holy tenderness
"Go preach my gospel, freely give
For freely ye've of me received."

"Go cast out devils, raise the dead
And saviours be to fallen man:
A bruised reed I will not break
Nor quench the truth by me began.
But love your enemies, I say,
And bless the ones who seek to curse:
Do good to them that mock, and pray
For those who're even more perverse.

"For on the evil and the good
My sun of life doth freely shine,
And rain upon the unjust comes
As freely as on those who're mine.
"And if ye love them which love you
What great reward of gain have ye?
"For publicans can do the same
Nor yet begin to follow me.

“ And if your brethren ye salute
Alone, what do ye more than they
Who love their neighbor but can hate
And persecute their enemy?
But be ye like the One above
His children then you'll ever be
And those who for his image seek
The crucified in such will.”

THE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH.

As the Trinitarian God of the past, and the masculine church of the present, have neither been fruitful of the power of salvation, nor grace to redeem humanity from degradation, so will all religions, all systems, and all creeds prove themselves inadequate to the wants of the world, which fail to recognize and be governed by the living principle of duality.

As natural things are but types of spiritual, and the more real is comprehended within the crust of the outer, so must the significant fact, underlying this so long negatived truth, be admitted, if we would see the advancement and spread of Christ's kingdom.

Can the paternal influence alone beget and bring forth children in the natural order? Neither can it in the spiritual.

What is home without a mother, either in the natural or the spiritual household? And, when the true heirs are produced, and “the sons and daughters of God without rebuke,” they will come of a parentage balanced as that which said in the beginning, “Let *us* make man in *our* image, after *our* likeness; — male and female created he them.”

A simple, reasonable theological basis on which to rest the principles which are to redeem us from the thralldom of the earth-plane, and inspire us with the necessary fortitude and self-renunciation, to subordinate the natural to the spiritual, and thus be truly “born again,” are essentials to the development and progress of the soul.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

“THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.”

Who is my neighbor? Not the one
Who best may please my selfish heart;
Nor yet the wise and good alone
Who in my love and joy bear part.
Perchance the poor, the low, or vile
My steps may pass and kindness need;
Such is my neighbor as myself to love,
The naked clothe, the hungry feed.

If I my neighbor as myself do love,
I'll treat him as I would that he,
Our places changed, would do by me,
As careful, tender, just, and free;
I'd love to feel his kindness flow
In patient words and gentle deeds
When burdened I would feel the glow
From heavenly charity proceeds.

THE BIGOT.

The man who is a bigot robs himself of the joy which comes from the exchange of thought, and the blessedness of appropriating new truth, — than which nothing can be more strengthening, — and lives on the husks and cobs of the past. This, of itself, is enough to account for the leanness and narrowness of his spiritual proportions, for the spirit no less than the body grows by what it feeds upon.

CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.

Come ye weary, heavy laden !
Seeking for the living word,
Come with all your sin and sorrow,
Cast your burden on the Lord.
Come with all your earth-wounds bleeding
From the keen two-edged sword,
Come with every heart-string severed,
Cast your burden on the Lord.

In his Spirit you will find him,
As a risen Saviour near,
As the weeping Mary's seeking
Heard his words of kindly cheer ;
So you'll find your sorrows healing
In the ever brooding love,
Where the comforter is resting
In the spirit of the dove.

When the tongues of wrath assail you
With their malice and their hate,
When perplexities surround you,
And their power you would abate,
Render not reproach for railing,
Seek the Lord where he is found,
And sustain'd you will rejoice
You " cast your burden on the Lord."

“BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO HIS COM-
MANDMENTS THAT THEY MAY HAVE
RIGHT TO THE TREE OF LIFE.”

JOHN WHILE “IN THE SPIRIT” ON PATMOS.

“Blessed, or happy and spiritually prospered, are those who keep the commandments of Jesus,” not merely the code of laws, given to the early Law-giver, but the “new commandment,” which surpasses them all in that it comprehends the whole, with greater reaches of love, unity and unselfishness.

“The law was a school-master to bring them to Christ;” and by obeying the former they gained the power to fulfill the still higher requirements of the latter. By “denying self,” they learn to love the neighbor so well that they can “sing joyfully the song of Moses,” “with the Spirit and the understanding,” and the still sweeter song of the Lamb, or the Christ-spirit.

They are to “*have right* to the tree of life,” because “they are worthy,” as the revelator says of those “who enter into the Holy City through the gates “of repentance, justice, consecration and purity.

But what is this tree of life, to which they have right, which “bears twelve kinds of fruit?” Is it not something of which they may partake continually, as there is a constant succession of fruits, which will afford them cheer, strength, all needful sustentation, and keep them in life and vigor? It is a tree of life, not of death. So much so, that those who have not, by obedience to these physical and spiritual laws, gained a right to the fruit, may still find benefit and healing, even from its

“leaves,” or the less concentrated nutriment of the fruit. If they cannot, by obedience to the whole law, become “every *whit* whole,” body and spirit, they may find a healing principle, even in the leaves, or scattering truths, eliminated by the growth of these germ principles.

THE VINTAGE.

“My well beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill.”--Isaiah v. i.



IS the time of the vintage and laden to fill
The harvesters come from the vineyard and hill ;
They bear in their arms the rich fruits of the
soil,
And sweetly are paid for their labor and toil.

With rich grapes of Eschol these vie in their
size,

Each cluster in richness and bloom a fair prize,
The fine Early Amber so luscious and sweet,
The Concord and Sage from their trellises meet,

And gently repose in their beauty and bloom
With the Black Cluster, rich in hue and perfume,
The Delaware, tiny, transparent and sweet,
And fit for the fairies in smiles will you greet.

The Hartford Prolific in regal hues shine,
Less frail than their neighbor, the fair Muscadine,
All rich in their sweetness and delicate change,
The Orient vineyards you care not to range ;

But fancy the vision is being fulfilled
When each shall the walls of Jerusalem build
“And they shall plant vineyards and eat of the fruit,
And peace, love and truth be their constant pursuit.”

SOME REASONS WHY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE PART IN GOVERNMENT.

ARE those who vauntingly call this the age of love ready to admit and carry out the principle? The love element is called more particularly the feminine, while the element of power and force is considered the masculine. Not that love cannot, in a measure, pervade and soften the more positive element of power, but a greater manifestation of the love and wisdom element is the requisition of this more enlightened age. Obedience can no longer be a blind, unconditional submission to force, but the command must be seen to be wise, and breathed forth in love, else it is powerless.

Does the frail being who has sinned through the excess and misapplication of this very love-nature which she has been taught to believe is her appropriate life, and who has fallen from the neglect of the culture of wisdom, — does she, when the laws of the land take her in custody as an offender, find herself examined and judged by a jury of her peers, by those who can understand and appreciate her state, with its trials and temptations? Could a jury of pure-minded and virtuous women understand the extenuating circumstances in the case of the man who, through avarice and ambition, has finally degraded himself through all degrees of sin? Could they, with their less acquisitive nature, weigh the merits of such a case, feel for him as a man, and understand the temptations to which he, as a man, has been exposed? If not, then surely the masculine element cannot any better, if as well, compre-

hend and judge of the guilt of the sinning female. It cannot by experience understand the confiding and devoted nature of her affections. It knows not the extent and strength of her love-nature. It has never felt the state of the friendless female orphan, who, in the scarcity of remunerative labor, has almost been *forced* to a life of infamy. It knows but seldom of that strength of the parental nature which will lead it to beg, or lie, or steal, for the relief of its famishing ones. It knows not, because its love-nature has not been cultivated to the exclusion of other discipline. Of these and similar temptations it cannot judge, for they are not in its nature; and never having had it so unduly cultivated, it cannot understand her trials and experience.

The woman appears, then, not before a tribunal of her peers, but before the single element of power and force; while the love and wisdom element which alone can comprehend her is excluded, save in the exceptional cases where there is a man occasionally possessed strongly of the love-nature.

In view, then, of this difference of organization and education, can justice reign, and right prevail, until these wrongs are righted, — until the feminine element is allowed its place by the side of the masculine, in the different relations of secular and religious government?

Can that be called a *republican* government, whose laws are made and whose judgments are executed without the consent of more than half of the governed? Is it worthy of being called a *representative* government, when not half of its subjects are represented? Or can it be called a *free* government, when laws are made and enforced by one party, who, from their very nature, and the construction of mind, cannot adapt and form just laws for the other half, and who, oftentimes, from their antagonistic situation and relations, cannot but be swayed from the strict line of justice, while self-interest is so dominant in the human breast?

Or, to turn to the religious side, can that be the religion which has "neither male nor female, bond nor free, but all one in Christ," which arraigns the female member before a tribunal of her brothers, to the exclusion of mothers and sisters? Does not the Gospel require the presence of the love and wisdom element in its deliberations?

If, as she has so often been told, she is a step nearer heaven in her organization, and more spiritual in her tendencies, is she not as fitting a medium for the transmission of heavenly truths and angelic loves?

Granting that woman is surrounded by more favorable conditions for the cultivation of the religious element, and that her cares, sorrows, and trials but deepen and strengthen her religious need, do not these very facts prove that she is but the better fitted for the reception of spiritual light? And, if receptive, why should she not be communicative? Must her generous impulses be checked, because Paul has said, "I suffer not a woman to teach or usurp authority over a man?" There are those who call the theatre a school of morality. If a school, who are its teachers, if not its actors? and does the polite and refined audience, which hangs enchanted on the glowing language and personations of its idolized "star," feel that its passages of morality or representations of the loveliness of virtue are any the less beautiful, true, and significant, because coming from woman's lips? Is she usurping authority over her male auditors? Who thinks to call her unwomanly or immodest, though she should appear in a dress and manner as far as possible removed from what Paul recommends?

Again, it has been said by those who would designate woman's appropriate work, that the care and education of children and youth is her peculiar province; and by many she is considered the more successful and communicative teacher, and it is supposed that her readiness and intuitiveness peculiarly fit her for this calling. Be it so; but does not this argue

the propriety of her being found in some spheres from which public sentiment at present excludes her?

Not that woman is not caressed and idolized, for perhaps, when she comes into an equal race, she will receive less of flattery and chivalrous notice; but now the feeling prevails that she is what she is by permission of man; that her rights and privileges, and claims upon respect, are not God-given and her own, but granted by the indulgence of man. This it is that chafes and oftentimes agonizes her sensitive and aspiring spirit.

She would cultivate her God-given faculties and susceptibilities, not by courtesy from her brother, but because every faculty of mind should be disciplined to its highest use, and because, as part of the human family, this is her duty, and consequently her right. She finds herself controlled, and sometimes most painfully harassed and impeded, by laws which she can have no hand in forming and supporting, save as her earnings and property must be taxed for their support, while they recognize her but in the same budget with the child and the idiot. Although she may have mind, cultivation and worth, the law ties her hand and shuts her mouth, while the ignorant, and scarce more than animal being, if he have but the smallest portion of manhood, may deposit his vote, and thus help to form laws which shall cramp and control her in her noble and benevolent womanhood.

Tend her never so carefully and protectingly as may her guardians in the law, religion, or social life, still, if she becomes an offender against any of them, no father, husband, nor brother can appear there as her representative, and suffer for her; but in her dependence she is recognized as a criminal, and the penalties of the law fall upon her as severely as they do upon her brother man, even though she have entered that state where her being is "merged in that of a husband." She can thus come into an equality as a criminal, but not as

a free being possessed of the rights and privileges of human nature. So, also, in religion; if woman has a soul, (and this seems an admitted fact in Christendom,) the inspired Word says to her, as well as to her brother man, "Be ye perfect, even as I am perfect." And if "Noah, Daniel, and Job can but save their own souls by their obedience," then woman has her "own salvation to work out" for herself. This is a work in which a father, husband, or brother cannot become sponsor, but she must stand or fall for herself. "Every soul to its Maker."

The eloquent Apostle wrote of his female converts who were just emerging from Paganism and polygamy, "Let your women keep silence in the churches, and if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home." But this was to the Corinthian women, and others like them, for he says, "I write as unto carnal," and he proves this by the nature of much of his instruction. He says, "Let not a widow be taken into the number under threescore years old," etc.; but Paul would surely not make such a requirement in this enlightened age. It is evident that he was endeavoring to lead them out of the sensualities of heathenism, if not into a Christian, yet into a decent and orderly life, and that his instructions were suited to the nature and attainments of his hearers. But if the same Apostle could deliver his message to the Christian and enlightened women of the nineteenth century, would he not say of them, as he said of Phebe, Mary, and others, "Greet my helpers in the Lord, for whom not only I give thanks, but also all the churches of the Gentiles"? Would he not say, "Improve the gift that is in thee, do good, be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate."

But woman is down, down where she or multitudes of her sex cannot see what is required of her as a creation of God, and a being of boundless progression. She knows not but that in the affectional element and the calls of maternity she is

fulfilling her highest and whole duty. Such being the case, the noble and exalted of the other sex show their nobility and their manliness when they recognize her, with all her trappings of vanity, servility, and weakness, as sisters, created for the same progression and goodness, and consequently needing the same facilities, helps, and impetuses to develop their being, and who feel for them as being bound for the same *kingdom of heaven within*, but who can never find it, while a vain, pleasure-seeking, and admiration-loving spirit leads them to find their happiness in a frivolous life, dependent upon outward surroundings. Such feel that her spirit, though it should become awakened and active for good, will present no ungrateful rivalry to their own, but only furnish an additional incentive to true greatness; for the two natures are enough unlike still to preserve their marked characteristics, although they both be carried out to their ultimates.

The two will but constitute the more perfect one, for "the man is not without the woman in the Lord," nor the woman without the man. Leave out either part, or cramp and circumscribe it, and you have but half of God and half of humanity. "Man was created in the image of God, male and female." If, then, man is male and female in the image or representation of God, the man who arrogates to himself a position above woman, and considers her as a being created for his own pleasure and use, is disparaging the half of his own manhood, and is in a position where neither reason nor revelation can sustain him.

Wisdom thus speaks of herself in Proverbs viii. 30: "When the Lord appointed the foundations of the earth, then I was by him, as one brought up with him, and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him, in the habitable parts of his earth; and my delights were with the sons of men." That any departure from this sweet and heavenly nearness has ever obtained among human kind seems a consequence of the first

recorded woman's disobedience; for had she preserved her integrity, and not yielded to a lower nature, she would not have become the slave of man and her sinful nature, but the free receptive medium of the mother spirit, as man is of the Father. "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre; upon thy right hand did stand the queen in the gold of Ophir." (Psalm xlv. 6.) While everything in nature presents the two principles of male and female necessary to constitute the perfect harmony and growth, our religious and secular government has presented the strange, one-sided, and inharmonious combination of three or many males. No wonder, then, that the idea has arisen that the female was but a negative or auxiliary element in humanity. The religious and highest element presenting such a phase, it is not strange that the worldly and secular does not surpass it in its recognition of woman; and that the female influence is not there to bring in its balance of love and wisdom. But a brighter and better day is dawning. The Most High has uttered his voice, "Behold I make all things new," — "the new heavens," or spiritual plane, and "the new earth," or natural order. Then may we hope to see harmonious developments, a rational and consistent faith and Church, a just and peaceful government, with a true unfolding of natural and spiritual growth, till all attain their highest ideal as "sons and daughters of God."



HAPPY NEW YEAR!

A HAPPY new year! a blessed new year!
To all who in goodness will persevere:
A year of progression; a year of increase
To all who delight in union and peace;
A blissful, a joyous, harmonious year
When each one his brother will comfort and cheer;
A year to confirm all faith that is pure:
To conquer our evils and hardness endure.

Oh happy new year! most blessed new year!
When light shines abundant all danger to clear,
More hopeful, more loving, more joyous and blest,
We'll press on to enter the mansions of rest;
Not rest for the body nor rest for the mind,
But rest for the spirit from passions that bind
Sweet rest from all discord and envy and hate;
Oh, what a new year such love would create!

HEAVEN WITHIN.

Oh! what a sweet heaven pure love is creating
Within the meek souls of the honest and true,
They follow the Saviour in grief or rejoicing
And seek but his will to know and to do.

No kingdom so blessed the world can discover,
No pleasure so sweet, so calm, and so pure,
No union so strong, enduring forever,
Oh this is a heaven both blessed and sure.

CRITICISM AS AN AID TO GROWTH.



o the soul thoroughly in earnest and inspired with a desire to "become perfect, even as the Pattern was perfect," everything which stimulates to that progression is gratefully hailed. That it is a great help to be faithfully shown our faults, by those who love us so well that the wounds are those of a friend, we all believe; and though the apostle urged his converts to "provoke one another to good works" we think the impulse was to be more by example than criticism.

There is a cutting keenness in the operation which we had rather have administered when the general eye is not watching our mortification. The hand of wisdom and love will not often thus lacerate sensitiveness of spirit, when the individual is honestly and earnestly striving to perform its duty, which an inadvertence or slip of the tongue has marred, and politeness would seem to require that such mistakes be apparently unnoticed or helped over, in public.

If oft repeated a word in private would have a much better effect at cure, and save not a little heart burning. The fear of

making a mistake keeps many a one from uttering a thought or professing a good determination, for he feels that he must be prepared to meet the criticism which too often awaits those who, impelled by a desire to obey every behest of duty, venture to obey the impulse stirring within. In meetings for criticism and in common social converse it is noble to patiently and sweetly receive criticism, and when sufficiently humble to overcome all feelings of mortified self-love it can be borne with a good grace and be productive of good.

But when tempted to be severe in our criticism and neglect not a silver and lesser rule but the purest and *golden* one of "doing as we would be done by," let us remember a saying of one who has had much observation and study of human nature and desire for perfection of character; it is this:—

"A generous upright nature is always more sensitive to blame than another; sensitive in proportion to the amount of its reverence for good."

Would we not then do well to remember this and be sure that our criticising zeal is not the product of unsatisfied destructiveness which indulges itself without regard to consequences?

"Wouldst thou do harm and yet unharmed thyself abide?

None ever struck another save through his own side."

"Since trifles make the sum of human things
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;
O, let the ungentle spirit learn from hence
A small unkindness is a great offence."



TO THE COMET OF OCTOBER, 1858.

Noble visitor ! whose shining
All so brilliant in the west,
Calleth forth admiring glances,
Ere the weary seeks his rest,
Art thou leaving us so soon?
Traveling to thy distant goal?
Just as we have grown familiar
With thy grand, majestic roll?

Just as we impulsive seek thee
Midst the glorious cavalcade,
Where with light and streamer flying
Victor-like thou art arrayed?
Surely thou out-travelest all
In thy grand and silent race,
Mien more portly, train more sweeping
Than the occupants of space.

We've admired thee brilliant Comet
More perhaps than was thy due,
While so modestly are shining
Suns to worlds we may not view.
But perhaps some lofty mission
Called thee to these distant parts,
Which thou hast performed with honor,
And with mystic comet arts.

Can it then indeed be hundreds
Of these earthly years and hours,
Ere thou'lt be again returning
To this neighborhood of ours?
When old theories and follies—
(These "old heavens) have passed away?"
And the sordid and the carnal—
(This "old earth") has gone its way?

When the new earth is created?
Wherein dwelleth righteousness
And the heavens all glad and loving
Spread their beams to cheer and bless?
When "the reign of peace" is come?
And the brotherhood of love?
And we've time to contemplate thee
And thy company above?

Farewell! then, mysterious stranger!
Past our ken to comprehend,
In an orbit less eccentric
May we life and duty blend;
Travel onward in our mission,
Earnest as thou art in thine,
Till, transparent, pure and brilliant
Heavenly glories through us shine.



SEX-HOLINESS.

NOTWITHSTANDING all faithful labors, the work of freedom seems to move slowly. For nearly forty years my soul has been in this work; perhaps the more heartily because I so long ago felt the sting inflicted by the words of Paul on the woman who would obtain the freedom of Christ. For, as long ago as that, a few words of mine in a church-vestry prayer meeting, of which I was a member in good and regular standing, called out a Sabbath discourse on Paul's teaching, that "women should keep silence" etc. But more and more it grows on my consciousness that it was Paul who said "I suffer not a woman to teach," and not the great Teacher who, on more than one occasion, gave woman a special message to deliver to her brother man, and who, in no case that we can bring to mind, reminded woman of any inferiority.

She was his companion in labors and in the study of truth: the only one who was courageous enough to stay by him until his hour of death, and the first to whom he appeared after his resurrection, and she was delegated by him to bear the news of that event to his demoralized disciples.

The enthusiasm and success of the ministry of Jesus arose in no small part from the fact, that he enlisted the sympathies of all in his work, and although the disciples were surprised that he talked so long with the woman of Samaria who belonged to a tabooed nation, still she was the means of enlightening many of the Samaritans, and a great revival was the consequence.

While she was gone into the city to tell them that she had found the looked for Christ, he was laboring with the disciples to convince them that her work was legitimate, and that he was awaiting the harvest, and that it was greater delight to him to enlighten souls and spread true principles than to eat of the food they were preparing.

His was the two fold labor to strip from the minds of the disciples the idea that salvation was for them exclusively and not for the women and children; also, to reach out to those beyond the pale of what had heretofore been considered lawful, and no longer call them common or unclean. There are minds yet, to whom such teaching would serve as eye-openers, who are priding themselves on their sex-holiness even as in the little poem of Whittier's:

“And if ever one of them chanced to say
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross o'er the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then,
Let no one speak but the holy men;
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
Oh, let the women keep silence all?”



TRUTH'S WANDERINGS.

LOVELY, pure, and golden bright
May the reign of peace begin :
Clouds of darkness turn to light,
Joy succeed to want and sin ;
Wisdom's reign of peace and love
Like a blest evangel dawn :
Spot be found for wearied dove
Wandering since creation's morn :

Seeking for some quiet spot
Where she might truth's spirit brood,
Where the beast destroy it not,
Nor the vulture claim for food,
Hiding in the wilderness
Where she patient bides her time
Hungry souls to save and bless
With her healing truths sublime.

Conquerers in this noble strife
Gain the victory over self,
Seek the pure angelic life
And to grow in good itself.
"God is love" and such they'll be
Full of love for all mankind,
Pure in heart, thy God will see
In those who their evils bind.

Salt are they or goodly leaven
Saving, lightening as it be
Those who need a present heaven
Fitting them a Christ to see.
Wet his locks are with the dew
Long he 's called unto his own
And his word received by few
Must be by the way side sown.

Truth's keen sickle must be bared
And its cutting work be done,
Judgment to the plummet squared
Or no victory can be won.
Ripened souls will bless the day
Which the harvest work reveals
Shows that love with clearest ray
Now no longer truth conceals.

“LIVING WATERS.”

JESUS, while upon earth, uttered the following memorable words: “Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst.”

The spiritual signification of *water*, throughout the scriptures, seems to be a continual inspiration of Truth; something vitally necessary to spiritual growth, and health—moving—Living waters—nothing stale and dead.

The very best and clearest water, as it bubbles up from its source on the mountain side, or taken from the running streamlet in the valley—if allowed to remain for a long time, even in the purest and most costly vessel—will gather, from the surrounding atmosphere, those noxious gasses, which living

things are continually giving off in the different processes of growth, transformation and decay, and become dead—unfit for use. They are no longer *living waters*, containing the inspiration and vigor which are derived from them, when drank from the spring, or the flowing stream; but are a prolific source of disease and danger.

On the contrary, the *living* waters of which *Christ* spake are continually *springing up unto eternal life*. They have the elements of life in them, which keep them constantly in motion. Their principle of life, like that of every thing in nature, is in constant activity.

The vital, significant truths, which it was the mission of Jesus to reveal, possess life-giving elements, and are as *living waters* to souls. There is *power* in them, evincing that they come from, and keep their connection and communion with the Fountain Head—the source whence they came. Those who profess to drink of the waters of life, unless they manifest inspirational *life*, and have that life to bestow on the thirsty famishing children of earth, how can they claim to constitute the body of Christ—his Church? Have they, in their keeping, the testimony, the sound of which is as the “*voice* of many waters,” which proclaims them to be the living servants of Christ? “By their fruits ye shall know them.” A living, breathing pulsation from the great Fountain Head, and manifesting itself in stainlessness of life, and thorough consecration to good and holy uses, toward all with whom they come in contact, especially “the household of faith,” is proof that they have drank of those *living waters*; for by their acts, they show that they are vitalized by the pure and glowing love of the Divine Parentage, and have bathed in the waters of repentance

We are left in the dark concerning many years of the history of Jesus; are only informed that “He grew in stature, and in favor with God and man.” His season of temptation,

which was painfully trying and severe — in which it is stated he fasted forty days and forty nights — was succeeded by beautiful ministrations from Angels ; and thence forward, his life seemed pervaded with a continual influx of good, which he ministered to his disciples and all who were willing to receive. In that noble, generous heart, there was no shrinking from duty. Through self-renunciation, and holy consecration, he endured and suffered, that he might benefit others, until his mission on earth was fulfilled.

He said, “he would send the Comforter,” to his little band ; and promised, that those who would drink of his cup and be baptized with his baptism of fire and the Holy Ghost, should “do greater works than he had done.”



THE OCEAN OF GOD'S LOVE I'LL TRUST.

CUT loose from every mortal stay
Or binding to the shore,
My bark springs forth upon its way,
An ocean to explore.
Eternal love propells her on,
To reach that wished for shore,
Where mortal grief and trials deep
Afflict the soul no more.

An unseen hand protects her course
And guides her on her way,
And quick to shun each hidden rock
Such counsel will obey.
Within the heaven calm and bright,
Serene will be her rest,
And floating in transparent light
God's way will prove the best.

May, 1869.

"HAVE SALT IN YOURSELVES."—CHRIST.

IN this day of yielding to the temptations of avarice and sensuality is it nothing to stand saved from the quicksands which are washing away the foundations of so many otherwise noble and brilliant souls? Or can a power, or saltiness, that saves from all these worldly allurements be inferior to anything which permits the recklessness of sin?

But were we to say what we think is the demand of the day, we should say that more of the really pungent and incisive salt

of Christianity is the urgent need of the times, that there may be more power to resist the temptations of every lust. If living for a principle, sacrificing the natural that the spiritual may grow, practicing the old Roman and later Christian self-denial is no longer virtue, then we must continue to seek it. But when Jesus, after instructing his handful of followers, that they were the salt or saving principle of the earth, said further to them, "Have salt in yourselves," he was giving the most direct confirmation to the idea of individuality, the righteousness of Noah or David was nothing to them, nor even his own, *vicariously*. Enough of this salt, or saving principle, in the soul, to make the individual invincible to all the attractions which lower the tone of goodness was essential.

How can the salt retain its savor and be resistant to the putrifying and destructive elements around? A slight sprinkling of salt gives a relish and zest to some articles of food and is a stimulus to vegetable growth, even as the society of individuals, polished by some of the Christian graces, is highly prized, even by worldly men. But the integrity of the salt itself is lost by entering into chemical combination with the elements to which it is thus subjected; and, unless in quantities sufficient to be decidedly unpalatable, is not saving. But, if gathered to its like, and sheltered from all unnecessary exposure to the elements, it can retain its characteristics and be ready, if needed, to furnish the evidence of its savor, pungency, and use.

Continually are operating on our spirits the selfishness and the ambition which will transform the latent good into pollution or decay, if the testimony pungent and strong is not burning within us, which prevents all compromising with evil, or amalgamating with deceit. Perfect transparency, as illustrated by those whom the Revelator saw "standing on the sea of glass," is the watchword.

"A CITY WHICH HATH FOUNDATIONS."

MATT. vii. 24, AND HAGGAI ii. 6, 7, 8.



EMPERED with sadness is our joy,
And prayers our thoughts employ,
For avarice which walked on high,
Whose temples almost touch the
sky,

Knows not, alas! its doom is nigh,
But vainly strives to build anew
The temples of the past,
And makes of earthly clay and dew

A temple that will last.

The glory of the latter day,
Whose strength shall bear truth's keenest ray,
Must be with broad foundations laid,
With justice and with virtue stayed,
And righteousness so long delayed ;
 All else will surely sweep away,
 All refuges of lies,
All shaken in that burning day,
 When grim oppression dies.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

IF woman is to become enfranchised, it must largely be by freeing her spirit from the trivial aims and pursuits which now cramp and dwarf her spirit, and make her the submission tool of her Approbateness. But as pursuits have been so few which it has been allowable and practicable for her to enter, she has occupied her noble faculties too often in the busy chase of fashion and popularity.

Let her Spirituality become as active as some other organs, and she will awaken to the deep significance of life, and feel that every faculty of her being should be consecrated to its highest use. Her Benevolence will then claim a hearing, while Conscientiousness and the reasoning powers argue the case.

When I look at a woman, I instinctively take her mental dimensions and soul qualities, and if I see that, though possessing both in no small degree, she has not emerged from the rudimental state of delight in the showy and adorned, I long for her to grow and understand her soul capacities, that she may rise in the beauty and glory of her womanhood and prove her independence of fashion and frivolity.

The thousand little time-stealers in the shape of embroideries and entirely unnecessary articles of taste and fancy, are robbing her of the time she needs for the acquaintance and cultivation of her own soul; and, imagining she is industrious when so absorbed, she fails to become the "beam of bright joy to the sad-stricken" which she might. Real introspection is what she wants—clear-seeing and clear-thinking, that she may come into communion with her higher self and those before

her who are capable of inspiring her with pure and elevated aims and the heroism to be able to live to them and her ideal of beauty and use.

When it will grieve her as much to discover that she is selfish as to learn that she is unfashionable, there will be hope for her, for she will then set about cultivating her Benevolence ; when to be peevish, unreasonable or fault-finding will make her as annoyed at herself as the blunders and stupidity which have incensed her at others ; when, for the sake of keeping up appearances, she no longer relinquishes her time, her talents, and her peace of mind, then, indeed, the day of her womanhood will begin. When to attract the admiration and love of man to the pure, the self-forgetting, and self-denying is her desire, instead of any personal idolatry, what hope may we not have for the race. And if she has led man into the wrong and inharmonious, may it not now become her blessed privilege and prerogative to lead him back to "wisdom's ways, which are pleasantness, and to her paths, which are peace?" Let there be an era of love, and peace, and gentleness, to offset the more masculine of pioneership, war, and ambition ; and when the transitional phase of it is past, what blessed results of harmony may we hope to see?—"the lion and the lamb lying down together"—not the lamb absorbed into the personality of the lion, but each its perfect self.

But, in the mean time, how many women in their selfishness and inertia, exclaim, "I have all the rights I want," little thinking it is the kind friends and favorable surroundings, which gave them these, and not the laws or existing conditions of society, and that if free themselves, there is an abundance of bound and agonized souls who need the love and strength of generous hearts to raise them from the abyss of degradation and suffering in which they find themselves ; who perceive no ray of light, nor gleam of sunshine, such as those more favored ones might bestow with their womanly sympathy or holy motherly love for the orphaned, or often worse than orphaned.

NEW YEAR'S MUSINGS.

QUIETLY as fall the snow flakes
On this peaceful new year's eve
So a heavenly benediction
From the Father we perceive ;
Falling like these gentle snow drops
On the frost prepared soil,
Giving just the kind of blessing
To reward the laborers toil.

So the gracious kind all Father,
Keeps us in his constant care,
Gives us just enough of pleasure,
That our hearts may not despair ;
While we're blest with earthly comfort,
Home and friends, a pure relation,
Food and clothing, warmth and shelter,
In such goodly habitation.

We will thank him for his mercies
With our gratitude and love,
We will praise him that he ever
Drew our hearts to him in love :
Gave us strength to walk the valley
Where the Saviour led the way
And to toil in patient waiting
For the dawn of perfect day.

Farewell eighteen sixty-six !
Thou art gone with all the past
Farewell to all griefs and trials
Which we would not have to last.
Welcome eighteen sixty-seven !
May thy closing find us all
A good measure nearer heaven
More redeemed from the fall.

More complete in self-denial,
More subdued in all we do,
More rejoicing in the trial
Which our faith doth call us to.
More complete in resignation,
To the cross whate'er it be :
More determined that our pruning
In our own vineyard shall be.

NOTES ON PLATO.

Plato was born B. C. 429 years ; and died B. C. 348. His mother, Perictione, was a descendant of Solon ; and his father, Aristo, was of an eminent family. He studied eight years with Socrates, and was the youngest of the Senate at the time of Socrates' arraignment ; but could do nothing to save his life. Upon the death of Socrates he fled, with others of his disciples, to Italy ; where he gave himself to the discipline of Pythagoras, chiefly to the continence, chastity, and knowledge of nature possessed by that school. In his school he thought it all important to accustom youth to " take delight in good things ; otherwise pleasures were the bait of evil." " Education should be conducted with a serene sweetness, never by

force or violence." His studies did not sour his temper, nor mar his interest in mankind. His ordinary conversation was extremely winning.

He lived single, yet soberly and chastily ; temperately ; abstaining almost entirely from animal food. He slept alone, and disapproved very much the opposite manner. Of his prudence, patience, moderation, magnanimity and other virtues, all bear good record.

He was wont to say : " See to it, youths, that you employ your idle hours usefully. Prefer labor before idleness, unless you esteem rust above brightness.

Being asked how long he meant to be a scholar, he replied ; " As long as I am not ashamed of growing better and wiser." Being asked what difference there was between a learned man and one unlearned, he replied ; " the same as betwixt a physician and a patient." Hearing that some one spoke ill of him, he answered ; " No matter, I shall live so that none shall believe him." He owed no man anything. He died on his 81st birthday, of old age, which Seneca ascribes to his temperance and diligence.

In his ideal republic he afforded the same chance to women as to men to become its rulers, thus representing the whole interest.

March, 1872.



FAST DAY HYMN.

"IS NOT THIS THE FAST I HAVE CHOSEN?"—VERSE 6, ISA. 58.

"LET NOT THE OPPRESSED."—VERSE 21, PSALM 74.

Pray for our rulers all who can,
That they be strong and true,
And that no greed of power or place,
Their usefulness undo;
But, mighty as the hosts of sin
Of compromise or fear,
Invincible for right they stand
Our nation's bark to steer.

Say never they are firm and strong
And that they need it not,
While crafty is the power that long
Has kept our country's blot;
For mighty men in lofty place
Have fearful snares to shun
Before the race for freedom's o'er,
Its mighty battle won.

Pray for our nation, heaven-blest,
Yet heaven-daring too;
Her many crimes not yet atoned
A mighty debt still due;
A debt of love and kindly deed
Unto each down-trod race,
To raise them where their souls can grow
Nor tyranny deface.

This is the fast the lord hath chose
To loose the bands from thee,
Undo the heavy burdens, and
So let the oppressed go free.
“Let not the oppressed return ashamed,”
But “let each yoke be broke.”
That what was freed return no more
To slavery’s galling yoke.

And that thou deal the hungry bread,
And keep thy soul drawn out.
To satisfy the afflicted soul
And such as are cast out.
“Then shall thy light break forth on high,
Thy darkness as noonday ;
And thou shalt find delight in God
And comfort in his way.

Pray for thy peace Jerusalem !
Peace be within thy walls,
All they shall prosper that love thee
Or keep thy righteous laws.
And I will keep thee in the hour
Of trial that shall come
On all who dwell upon the earth
Till right shall overcome.

And if thou watch and pray alway,
And keep thy garments white,
And hold that fast thou hast attained
And serve me day and night,
Then God shall wipe all tears away,
All sorrow and all pain,
Old ills shall all have pass’d away
And not one wrong remain.

THE BALLOT FOR WOMEN.

IN an admirable article by William I. Bowditch he says, "The object of voting is to give voice and practical effect to the wisdom, knowledge and virtue diffused among the people. Do we possess all of these which is worth making use of? Women now vote in parishes and religious societies, and in corporation meetings. They now act as overseers of the poor, serve on school committees and as school supervisors, etc., etc. Dr. Collyer has just publicly thanked Miss Eastman for the helpful words she has just uttered from his pulpit.

"Five times as many boys as girls are in reformatories; more than five times as many men as women are convicts; more than twice as many men as women are paupers, and about seventy times as many men as women are engaged in the manufacture of liquor—the nurse of pauperism and crime! Is it not clear that the average woman, with equal opportunities for education and development, will show about as much wisdom, knowledge and virtue as the average man?

"There is not a good or beautiful feature of the prevailing social life which woman suffrage will not expand and cherish. There is not a bad feature which it will not frown upon and finally extirpate."



THE CENTENNIAL YEAR.

FOR what shall this year, the Centennial be known?
For what be emblazoned high?
Or the archives of history what laurels be strown
That never can wither nor die?
What victory gained o'er oppression and wrong
And all that truth's river dams?
What power to enable each heart to be strong,
What triumph o'er shoddy and shams?

For what shall this year, the Centennial be known?
What record of progress be made?
What noble deed done like sweet flower strown
To mark this our grandest decade?
Not honor nor riches, not science nor art,
Though shining effulgently bright,
Can make her page white if she still bears a part
In any injustice or slight.

Oh, deed the most worthy, if she could but give
To all of her daughters so brave,
The freedom her sons have, to be and to live
All true to the life which God gave;
The treasure of freedom our forefathers gave
With a goodly and blessed increase;
A freedom for all, where its broad waters lave,
Each sex and each nation in peace.

OUR NATION'S TRIAL.

There's a gloom upon the Nation,
There's a cloud upon her brow,
There's a troubled, deep commotion
Which she cannot shake off now,
For her sons in danger wander
In the land by slavery curst,
And her freedom and her honor
They would trample in the dust.

There's a sadness on her heart
And a grief upon her soul !
For the traitors are a part
Of her body and her soul ;
And her mother heart is heaving
A necessity so dire
Which compels her to subdueing
All their treason and their ire.

While her loyal sons now hasten
From the workshop or the plow
To sustain her in the lesson
She is teaching them just now.
With a proud and grateful spirit
They are rushing to her side
For they know that in her honor
All their strength and joy abide.

In the cause of true progression
Right will triumph though it wait,
Sure the wheels that speed her mission
Love will yet o'er master hate :
" Swords be beaten into plow-shares
Spears to pruning hooks be turned."

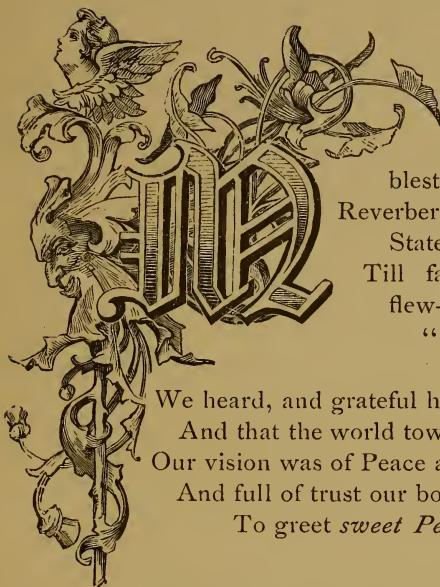
FOURTH OF JULY.

COMING in with blast of horns, and tearing of guns what a rollicking wilderness of a day it is ! Little folks and some men seem to think that the greater the noise the more complete the fulfillment of the purposes of the day. Freedom's birth-day should undoubtedly be welcomed and greeted with the profoundest manifestations of the joy each loyal heart must feel. But as the age grows more refined, we opine that some artistic soul inspired with benevolence, and pity for the feeble to whom such noisy demonstrations are so painful, will originate some rational and at the same time more truly joyous manner of jubilation. And will not the idea then be more pronounced that freedom for *all* is the priceless boon?—Freedom to believe whatever the reason and conscience dictate, and to act accordingly.

GRANT.

God bless and keep the incoming man !
Before whom traitorous legions ran ;
And give him all the grace he needs
To fill his span with lofty deeds.
Our nation's pride and country's hope
May he with all her dangers cope,
And lead us to the stormless sea
Of perfect, true equality :
Where pure and noblest deeds may shine
And every earthly good combine
To make our land the favour'd clime
Of truth and right and deed sublime ;
True conquerors of every ill
Our holy mission thus fulfill,
And prove to all who watch our fate
A nation just is truly great.

“LET US HAVE PEACE.”



WHEN war's baptismal
 scourge was o'er,
 We heard words
 blest as evening dew
 Reverberating from the halls of
 State,
 Till far and near the echo
 flew—

“Let us have Peace.”

We heard, and grateful hoped them true,
 And that the world tow'rd progress turn'd:
 Our vision was of Peace and Brotherhood;
 And full of trust our bosoms burn'd,
 To greet *sweet Peace*.

We saw the other half of man
 Upraised, and queenly at his side;
 Not less he shone, but all the more,
 That *righteousness* was not denied,
 But brought *true Peace*.

In ev'ry trust she took her part,
 And guided with a helping hand,
 In lifting to a better state,
 Those who pollute themselves and land:
 And help'd grow *Peace*,

But while we mused, we heard of ships,
And increased armaments of war,
And fear that swords must still be swords,
And nations keep on learning war,
Instead of *Peace*.

And then we wondered who would dare,
To tamper with the dial-plate of time,
And turn the hands of progress back,
And stay the bright Millennial clime,
Which is *true Peace*.

We wonder'd, but we inly thought
Of what a wiser one had said :—
“First pure, then peaceable!” Is it
Corruption then that stands between
Fair earth and *Peace*?

“THAT THEY ALL MAY BE ONE.”

How easily we revere the past, that dead past, so full of anomalies and the prophets of the past, forgetting that “a prophet is not without honor save in his own country” and that Jesus declared that “greater works should follow those who believed.” Yet the prophets and saints and angels of the present we unthinkingly ignore, while the uplifting angels of the resurrection heavens are in our midst with their trumpet tongues and words of fire.

What a power for good they might become could the heralds “see eye to eye” and “become as one,” or realize that in their somewhat differing testimonies they were only

slightly separate rills all rushing onward to the vast ocean of truth. All with somewhat of truth and none with a monopoly of it.

No one thing has seemed more sad than that among the noble band of teachers, reformers and martyrs, with which the nineteenth century has been blest. So much of the zeal which was needed to reform existing abuses or enlighten the ignorant and the crude was expended in combatting the imperfections of each other, and those who should be allies became foes. Shoulder to shoulder, an unbroken phalanx, how would the strongholds of superstition fall before truth's onward march and the increase of Christ's kingdom. With a greater consecration to the cause of good, even to the killing of every feeling of envy or desire for pre-eminence, would they not be able to witness the successful labors and triumphant advances of each successive angel with a hearty God speed, feeling that every fellow martyr or herald laboring and acting from the inspiration of his controlling heavens, is just as much apostle of truth as though he felt the inspiration which is warming the soul of a greater or different light.

"Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge be increased," and the different proclivities of different individual minds furnishing so many channels, each finds its own apostles and heralds; all might be reached and all illuminated. Then the foolish cry "I am of Paul, and I of Apollos"—would not need to be longer condemned.

WHAT CHEER ?

There's a light streaming forth from the east,
That gilds the horizon afar,
And says to each suffering heart,
Look aloft to the blest morning star.
There's a promise of day in its beams ;
There's a promise of freedom and right ;
There's a promise of peace on the earth,
And the triumph of love over might.

There's a joy for the clean and the pure ;
There's a rest for the weary of sin.
There's a peace for the conqueror of self,
And its seat and foundation's within.
There's a love for the trusting and frail ;
There's a tender compassionate heart,
That weeps o'er the sinner, and cannot assail,
Nor add to its suffering smart.

There's a light growing bright in our heart,
For our Father, who led us this way ;
There's a love, even warm in our breast,
For our Mother, our comfort and stay,
Who suffered and toiled to spread the pure faith
That shines on our every-day life,
And lightens and cheers us thro' sorrow and toil
To faint not, nor sink in the strife.

There's a gratitude due to our King,
For all his infinite care ;
There's a duty we owe to our Queen ;
A loyalty everywhere ;
To honor their cause in word and in deed,
And light up the temple anew ;
And worthily walk in their footsteps so pure,
And oil in our lamps oft renew.

There's a question will come to each soul,
When eternity opens its light ;
There's a sorrow will over us roll,
If we keep not our lamps burning bright.
Let us banish all discord, and work while we can,
And lighten each burden we may,
While joyfully walking in duty, and use
The straight and still *brightening* way.

“NOT GOOD FOR THE MAN TO BE ALONE.”

THE Great First Cause pronounced his works of creation to be “very good” with one exception, and it seems as though the present condition of society is proof positive that it has “not been good for man to be alone,” because, first, the more distinctly masculine elements have had undue force and activity.

These qualities as manifested in appropriation and ownership of some woman, less as a companion than as a minister to sensual passion ; in the greed of possession and acquisitiveness for the support and maintenance of this relation ; and in the wars and animosities which spring from violation of these supposed rights ; all these and the consequences resulting, are fruits of the positive, aggressive spirit of manhood. In one

sense, the proper and legitimate effects, because the natural characteristics of masculinity.

Woman's nature, from her different functions, has more of the conservative, brooding and effectual elements; therefore, the redemptive process which alone can restore balance to monopoly, peace to war, equality to oppression, and harmony to anarchy, is the admission of the feminine elements, with their more negative qualities, into this mere masculine political organism.

The race is so nearly equal as to sex, that it is evident, that nature in her most astonishing mysteries of chemical forces, intended these different components, of positive and negative, to supplement and balance each other; and thus to constitute a universal marriage which would yield harmony and blessing. But, as the positive seized the power, which the negative too passively surrendered, he has gone on uninterruptedly increasing that part of manhood, government and religion, until the love element has almost succumbed; until the poor, the unfortunate and the oppressed of the social home, find no Mother with ability to redress their wrongs, which, in a just condition of society, would have never been known.

The true Mother Spirit of humanity would scarcely allow part of her children to appropriate the food and resources which the Divine Parents have provided for the support of all their earthly children to the indulgence of the minority, while the greater part were suffering the pangs of destitution and consequent degradation; for "One is your Father and all ye are brethren."

As sons pre-suppose a mother, would it not seem to be a piece of sound logic and good sense, for this self-asserting masculinity, to accept the assistance of the maternal and feminine, and to make good the words they have so long uttered in her ears,— "That she was the inspirer of all that is elevated and good, the lifter-up,—the angel of their lives?" If

an angel, why not use an angel's influence? If the words were empty and meaningless, and only a flattering bait to lure woman to man's service, let that also be known.

If "God is love," what loss to debar the societary home the influence and unlimited exercise of its most efficient minister and exponent? Are the words mere prattle which have ever been offered to Woman's love and devotion? And would love change to license and debauchery if left in freedom, as are all the creatures of God? Would the young woman, who fritters her time so aimlessly away, between fashion and amusement, be lowered, if a clerkship or a profession gave to her life the stimulus it does to that of her brother? Or would the woman of sense and feminine dignity mar her refinement by simply stepping to the polls and depositing her vote, any more than by associating with men in shopping or in the ordinary affairs of life?

We love the simple truth and cannot tolerate a subterfuge or any sham. Some are noble enough to admit the bald fact as it stands that, as men, they are loth to give up the precedence and power they have acquired, and we honor them for the admission, while it only calls them on to greater goodness in straightening the paths they have allowed to become crooked and in building up what had grown one-sided.

Ecclesiastes, the wise preacher, said in his day, "So I considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun; and behold the tears of the oppressed and they had no comforter; and on the side of the oppressors was power; but they had no comforter."

We know that the effect of power, unjustly held, has ever been to blunt the sympathies and make the exerciser of it unconscious of oppression inflicted; and, the greater part of men, we believe, are still unconscious of the wrong they are doing to Woman by regarding her as a subordinate, and try to convince themselves that by giving her what they call pro-

tection (?) they are affording her a suitable compensation for the abridgement of equality. Let any of them test this matter by the teaching, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," they would soon realize that the position of a subordinate was not desirable, and "the rights to life, liberty, and the pursuits of happiness," are god-given, as well as man-acquired. Let "the Comforter" come as the Saviour promised, in his own compassionate Spirit, though it be through Woman.

In the great moral battery with which the humane are hoping to relieve the sickness and corruption of the body politic, let the negative pole be adjusted to effective purpose, although at first the shock may seem tremendous and startling. Let us no longer hope for effects when not half of the machine has been in operation. If Woman is the negative part of creation, at least let her take her place, or the force and efficiency of the whole machinery is lost.

We remember hearing, when we were much younger, that "Man without Woman was as the half of a pair of shears," incomplete, ineffective; but the whole significance of the fact never dawned upon us until we saw the utter incompetency of present customs and laws to give rest to the suffering earth. A trifle of forbearance on the part of the stronger, and of willingness on the part of the sharper to come into line, the screw adjusted (by wise law) and what was worthless, comparatively, becomes a powerful instrument of use and efficiency. The edge, although there before, will become available, excrescences will be removed, and work will be cut out for the famishing.

But, best of all, the present and growing state of antagonism between the sexes will be healed. They will learn how to co-operate harmoniously, in all the labors and duties of life. The "lion," like monarch of the earthly sphere, led by the sweet influence of the Gospel of peace and good will, becomes the gentle, harmless companion of the lamb-like. Instead of wait-

ing for a miraculous bringing about of this millenium, let us speed its advent, with heart and hand, by bringing our own lives and motives into harmony with it. And to return to the figure. When from the so long slumbering Adam the new Eve takes her place, they will unitedly go forth to subdue richer fields and achieve diviner results.

THE POTTER.

ROMANS ix. 21.

Skillfully working with forethought and care,
 A potter is shaping the clay ;
 Turning the wheel with calmness and prayer,
 For to hopefully work is to pray.
 Faithfully striving
 With care providing
 That no vessel of His
 “ Be marred in the hands of the potter.”

Another is forming a vessel so pure
 ’Twill be for a spirit’s abode ;
 And through all the days of its pilgrimage here
 A joy or a sad incommode
 To the spirit sojourning,
 In striving and yearning
 To fulfill its calling,
 If “ marred in the hands of the potter.”

O workman of God ! if as clay in his hand
 Thou art seeking His will but to do,
 Is his glory increased when an imperfect work
 Lays its fact of creation to you ?
 Or when in the ages
 You open the pages
 To trace a long line,
 All “ marred in the hands of the potter ? ”

THE PRECIOUS JEWELS.

“ WITH jewels of my kingdom I’m now adorning you,”
Says Christ to the beloved who in his steps pursue,
Your glory and your beauty assembled worlds shall see,
While in your ransomed garments you shine resplendently.
No monarch in his kingdom, nor queen upon her throne,
Nor all the regal glories which this proud earth has shown
Can rival with the brightness the glory and the grace
Which shines from the redeemed who’ve gained that holy place.

The radiant sapphires ’s theirs whose gentleness and love
Diffuse o’er all around them mild rays of heavenly love,
The warm and glowing ruby for those whose faith and zeal
Inspire their hearts much ardour and holy love to feel.
The diamond for those spirits who’ve suffered to obtain
A pure and holy garment that’s free from every stain,
And richest gems and pearls whose beauty can’t be told
Have those who prize the gospel far more than mines of gold.

How glorious then his presence who has the whole combined,
And every gospel virtue within his breast we find,
A halo of bright glory around his footsteps shines,
While love, the blest adorning each beaming feature lines,
The garments of pure linen so wondrous clear and white,
Are found about such spirits, though often out of sight,
And needle work of finest their souls are now preparing
Most precious garments rich and rare and worth an angels
wearing.

HOW TO PREVENT DIVORCE.

MAKE public sentiment and laws that give woman the same ownership of herself and children and earnings as man has, and you make marriage a just and happy partnership, and there will be no need of divorce laws, because the unhappiness which causes divorce is thereby prevented.

THANKSGIVING.

FOR what am I thankful, Saviour dear?
For truly I know I am thankful and glad
For what would I hide the silent tear
Which drops for the needy and piteously sad?

For everything, Lord, which is needful for cheer
To bless or to gladden the heart or the mind ;
So much that a murmur, a doubt or a fear
Would feel like ingratitude to the All Kind.

For what am I thankful? I never can tell
The half of the blessings which fill up my cup
The food for the soul to help it do well,
And food for my mind which helps lift me up.

“The peace like a river,” so still and so deep,
So restful and quiet, so calm and secure,
That trusts in the tempest the Power ’twill keep
The heart that is striving like Him to be pure.

GEORGE RIPLEY.

“Sing of the hope that has grown to the height of love;
For, though lowly its birth,
It spreads like a flower which drinks in the light from above,
With its root in the earth.”

—*Emily Pfeiffer.*

THE life of a man who has lived for humanity and spent his brightest and best days for others instead of self, has a charm such as no tale of romance or history can have. Such an one is the volume by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, lately issued at the Riverside Press. Its object, as the author says, is to recover the image (which it does in a fine engraving) and do justice to the character of a remarkable man, the pursuits of whose latter years gave him little opportunity to display his deepest convictions, while his singular charm of manner and conversation concealed from all but those who knew him well the recesses of his feelings; a man of letters, a man, too, of ideas and purposes which left a broad mark on his age, and deserved to be gratefully borne in mind.

He was born in Greenfield, Mass., Oct. 3, 1802. On his mother's side he was related to Benjamin Franklin, and his father was an eminently upright and worthy man. His education, begun at the public schools, was pursued at Hadley and at Cambridge. In a letter from the latter place to his sister, he says: “There is here a fine fund of knowledge floating about in the atmosphere, and in minds which have anything like a chemical affinity for it, it lodges; other minds it poisons, and makes them pedantic and proud.” In another he says: “I am no partisan, but I must rejoice in seeing any progress towards the conviction that Christianity is indeed ‘glad tidings of great joy.’”

In 1826 he was ordained pastor of the church at the corner of Purchase and Pearl streets, Boston. He was a faithful student, enriching his mind thereby, so that his sermons were simple, clear and calm, and in passages animated by a singular intellectual glow. In one of them he says: "The work of the evangelist of the present day is to bring the religion of society into accordance with the religion of Christ." Theodore Parker describes Mr. Ripley at this time "as discussing with Dr. Channing, with great power of thought and richness of eloquence, the question of the progress of civilization." "Had the conversation," he records, "been written out by Plato it would equal any of his beautiful dialogues." In a letter to his parishioners, he says: "The great fact of human equality before God is not one to let the heart remain cold; it is not a mere speculative abstraction; it is something more than a watchword for a political party, to gain power with, and then do nothing to carry it into practical operation." "Blame me for it if you will, but I cannot behold the degradation, the ignorance, the poverty, the vice, the ruin of the soul, which is everywhere displayed in the very bosom of Christian society in our own city, while men look idly on without a shudder." With such benevolence of heart, it is not strange that his connection with a popular and conservative society came to a close, and in literary activity he sought solution of these deep problems where he might "utter the word given him to speak." Projects of radical social reform in 1840 were in the air; so that the plunge from the pulpit to Brook Farm was not so rash as it might seem, but was a proof of his deep sincerity. "The enthusiasm of humanity" was widespread. "The Brook Farm Association for Education and Agriculture" was started in 1841. One third of the subscriptions were paid in, Mr. Ripley pledging his library for four hundred dollars of this amount. With the sum subscribed, a farm with a little less than two hundred acres was bought for \$10,500, in West Roxbury, nine

miles from Boston, on the spot where the Apostle Eliot preached to the Indians, his grave being hard by.

The book gives a vivid picture of the toils and struggles endured by Mr. Ripley and his heroic wife for the infant colony ; its failure, and his subsequent return to literary resources—his work on the *New Cyclopædia*, the *Examiner*, the *Independent*, and the *Tribune*; and is one of the most readable and interesting volumes in our library.

COMPLAINT OF THE BLUSTERING WIND.

COLD breath of the stormy wind ! What sayest thou ?
Art shrieking or shouting ? I cannot tell now,
But earnest thou art as rattling the pane
Or lifting the latch I hear the complain.
I'm out on the mission for ages I've done,
While you for a space are turned from the sun,
And in the discharge of my duty so clear,
Again would find welcome as honored and dear.

But passing the corner just now, I o'er took
A poor little maiden with pitiful look ;
She gave me no welcome but shudder'd and sigh'd,
As if from my presence she'd sooner have hied.
I next passed a lady all wrapped up in furs,
Rich satins and velvets and jewels were hers.
She gave me no smile nor greeting at all,
But pursed up her mouth so dainty and small ;

I think 'twas her heart that made her so cold,
For she passed a poor beggar all rinkled and old,
With the same chilling look, nor offered to share
Of bounties the which she'd enough and to spare,

And only just now while passing the door
Of a rich merchant banker most seventy-four,
I gave a salute which he only returned
With a gruff and a growl as my notice he spurned.

His room was as warm as the mild summer air.
And brilliant with gas and all that is fair,
And muffled and wrapped in his soft easy gown
He was thinking of stocks and exchanges down town.
His mind was o'er-borne and sadly perplexed ;
By night and by day was troubled and vexed
To know how to keep in safety and gain,
The riches that bring him such trouble and pain.

In yonder dark cellar I glanced through the pane,
And saw such a sight as I would not again,
A mother was tending her sick, dying child,
With countenance saddened and trustful and mild :
No drink could she give it, for famine and grief
Had dried up the fount of its joy and relief ;
She pressed the poor babe to her heart with a sigh,
And murmured of heaven and warmth that were nigh.

Its father disheartened for lack of employ,
Had yielded his honor and comfort and joy,
And lay in a corner besotted and vile
And cursing the day when he yielded to guile.
Do you wonder I shriek or murmur so loud,
When viewing such sights while passing the crowd?
With so few to welcome my hearty embrace,
Or give me an honest and upturned face?

'Tis true that the husbandman prudent and wise,
Can let me look straight in his face and eyes,
Nor fears my approach for a stout manly heart
Prepares him to act at my coming his part,

His crops are all in, his harvest secure,
His garners o'er flow with the good and the pure,
And now he can think of the goodness of heaven
And give to the needy and add to his heaven.

The good honest school boy, he welcomes me too
With greetings and plaudits not scanty nor few,
And laughs and hurrahs at my antics and fun,
While I hasten his walk to a skip or a run.
But, I'm screaming again! I know it full well!
And suppose that I must the cause of it tell,
I peeped in a garret just now as I passed
And saw a worse sight than even the last.

A sweet little girl all trembling and blue
Was shivering in clothes so tattered and few,
That I knew she would shiver the more if she heard
My voice at the window so dingy and blur'd;
In plaintive low accents she wondered, 'Oh, why
Must I stay here in anguish to suffer and die?
While bright little girls around me I see
As happy and joyful as aught that can be.

O would I could learn to be useful and good,
'Twere better almost than clothing or food,
But here I must stay with the vile and the low,
For I've no better home to which I can go.
A little would give me both comfort and joy,
And teach me these moments of pain to employ,
A book or a teacher, O, would they were mine.
And others in satins and jewels might shine.'

A poor beggared uncle in want and despair,
Was keeping the orphan his garret to share:
No kindness around her, no comfort nor joy,
No warmth to encourage, nor grief to alloy,

Do you wonder I shrieked or moaned in despair,
When I saw all the misery and wretchedness there?
And thought of the plenty o'er flowing the earth,
Which shared and divided would fill them with mirth.

Do you wonder I screamed and roared at the door,
Of the man who oppresses and grinds down the poor ;
That what measure he gives will surely be given,
To him running o'er from the Just One in heaven?
Or that clattering around the spend-thrift's abode
I warn him that surely he's on ' the broad road,'
If dues from the humble or needy he'll keep
Nor think of the dark bitter fruits he will reap?

ANGELINA GRIMKE WELD.

It was our happy privilege to be near and acquainted with the noble spirit, whose passage to the better land has lately left so large a void in our midst. Not that we feel she has gone, or far removed from us ; but that we have not her living outward presence moving about among us, stirring us by her straightforward simplicity and active thoughtfulness for others to every good word and work. Her very appearance was a testimony against extravagance and display ; her countenance a rebuke of shams and low ideals, and her smile the out-beaming of an earnest soul, at peace with God and with itself.

To have seen and known her, was a joy, a pride, and a satisfaction ; and to attend and witness the services previous to laying away her outward tabernacle, a rare privilege of solemn interest. For it was a gathering of the nearest of the band of reformers and abolitions, — that noble army which is so rapidly leaving us and recruiting on the other side, — *their* meeting,

to pay reverence to one who, perhaps, was without a peer in conscientious self-sacrifice and devotion.

At the funeral, a very large concourse gathered together at her residence, to pay the last tribute of respect. The services consisted of music, prayer and remarks. Among the speakers, were Rev. Dr. Morison, Wendell Phillips, Elizur Wright, Lucy Stone, and Mr. Walcott. Dr. Morison held in the highest esteem and love the departed sister. He thought of all Christian women he had known, he had never been acquainted with one who so completely filled the character of a Christian in her sweet womanliness, combined with indomitable strength of character. He alluded to the tenderness and sympathy she felt when only four or five years old. She obtained a bottle of sweet oil, and quietly went and applied it to the scourged backs of the slaves.

Mr. Wright read touching words concerning the connection of the deceased with the anti-slavery movement. Mr. Walcott followed in words of hearty appreciation of the character and work of this noble woman. Mr. Phillips spoke of the fine spirit, which reminded him of a pure, white dove in a dark, cloudy sky. She commenced her work in the forlorn cause, at a time when to be an abolitionist was to bear reproach and martyrdom; and she felt it her duty to bear testimony against her mother's slave-holding, and she was obliged to separate from her father's house. Her wonderful gift of eloquence was the greatest and most convincing he ever knew from woman's lips; and when, night after night, she spoke in the State House, to the leading men of the times, Massachusetts heard words such as she had never heard before. He alluded in appreciative words, to her failing health and her connection with their school upon the banks of the Passaic, and the fortitude and patience which characterized her last days. She is not dead but gone before. She will still be with the dear ones of her home and heart, a connecting link between this and the

better world, helping them and others to the heights she has attained.

Lucy Stone made feeling and interesting remarks on the great work she had done for humanity, and thought none had done more for the enfranchisement of woman than Sarah and Angelina Grimke, and Abby K. Foster. At the close the people sang, "Nearer my God, to Thee."

Rarely does one see a gathering of such spirits, loved and purified by their labor for freedom and right.

The saintly form, clad in its simple robes, lay surrounded with the choicest vines and flowers, with a pure, white lily in her bosom, regal and queenly, like the fair spirit it adorned.

Gathered with the angels,
 Garnered in her prime,
 Ere the clouds of darkness
 Dim the soul sublime.

Sweet may be her passage
 To the Elysian fields,
 Where each life-time struggle
 Golden fruitage yields.

HARVEST HYMN.

God of the harvest and vintage and land!
 For blessings unnumbered that flow from thy hand,
 This bounteous harvest that gladdens our eyes,
 Gratefully now our praises arise.
 Poor though our gratitude may it be free,
 Welling in thankfulness Father to thee.
 Filially, gratefully blest One above
 Would we acknowledge these fruits of thy love.

Surely the harvest of souls it is great,
But who is to gather them from their lost state?
As saith the Saviour "the reapers are few"
Who are content his steps to pursue;
Rescue the hungry and thirsty in soul
While their own spirits are spotless and whole:
Toiling in weariness, watching and pain
To gather the sheaves into garner again.

For "the great harvest" our souls would prepare
In thy blest gath'ring a small harvest share,
Of fruits of the spirit in love, joy and peace,
May we bring forth an abundant increase.
Life everlasting our spirits would reap—
So may we cultivate gather and keep—
That bringing our sheaves with rejoicing and care,
To the great Husbandman we can repair.

A TOUCHING MEMORIAL.

THE following lines, found among the papers of the late Angelina Grimke Weld, will be of interest to many. They embody a petition drawn up and circulated by her in 1842, when her benevolent zeal for the welfare of humanity was seconded with health and strength to obey the behests of the conscientious and self-sacrificing motives which inspired her. Unfortunately, a painful accident which occurred about this time, deprived all those who knew her afterwards, of the understanding of the wonderful power and magnetism which accompanied her earlier efforts.

REMONSTRANCE

Of the Citizens of Belleville, N. J., to the Honorable the Court of Quarter Sessions for Essex County, now in session in the City of Newark.

May it please your Honors :

The undersigned citizens of the township of Belleville, respectfully and earnestly remonstrate with your Honorable Body, against the issuing of any license giving authority for the vending within this township, for the ensuing year, intoxicating liquors as a beverage—substance, which, wherever they have been used as drinks, have smitten the community with more desolating plagues than famine, pestilence or war.

We implore you, as the constituted guardians of the peace of society, the conservators of the public welfare, appointed to guard the rights and to promote the interests and happiness of your fellow-citizens, not to lend the sanction of your authority to the letting loose upon us of disease, casualties, pauperism, assaults and batteries, mid-night revels and breaches of the peace, licentiousness, insanity, crime and death, —but so to employ the power committed to your hands, that it may be a dispenser of public blessings, and thus fulfill its original design.

By the wide-spread havoc produced in our township, the waste of health, time and poverty, the perversion of industry, enterprise and public spirit by the burdens imposed upon the community through the recklessness, prodigality, pauperism, disease and crime caused by the use of intoxicating drinks — by the degradation of character and the corruption of morals — the hopes blighted, minds paralyzed, consciences seared and hearts broken — the wives widowed in our midst, children made fatherless and gray hairs brought in sorrow to the grave by this terrific destroyer — we do respectfully and importunately conjure your Honorable Body to withdraw from such an inhuman vocation the sanction of your names, office and influence.

AN AUTUMN IDYL.



LONG coveted undertaking, or a sort of Ultima Thule was brought about recently, which was the ascent of Blue Hill. Learning that a party of pedestrians were to make the trip, we joyfully offered to be of the number, and a little before three o'clock the party gathered was well on the road. Conversation and occasionally extacies over an exceptionally fine bit of coloring, beguiled the time over the first mile or two, but the latter ones and the steep and rugged ascent proved that we were unused to mountain climbing. But thanks to the exhilarating air and kind and helping hands and cheerful companionship, the elysian height was reached in safety. Private generosity and a wonderful piece of engineering labor have constructed a road to the summit, but as this is washed by every rain, it is rough and rocky by ascent. But we found several teams at the top, and one which, from the fragile nature of its load, would require steadier hand to guide it down the steep than those empty glasses denoted. But closing our eyes and thoughts to all human mutability, we drank in a far sweeter elixir of life as our vision took in the grand and restful panorama which opened before us.

No wonder that the mountain top has been the resort of those who would come into closer communion with the Divine, nor that the glowing foliage seemed to them indeed like a burning bush, so full is all nature of the glory of the Creator. Like a silver thread lay the Neponset curled among the fields of green, while the lakes of Ponkapoag and Massapoag showed as clearly defined outlines as figures on a child's slate.

The firm stone buildings of the signal service were closed to

the crowd, with the significant notice, "No water." All too soon we had to commence the descent, for night was coming and lights were burning, when the home nest was reached, (see last page), but the sweet vision still lingers of the beautiful Blue Hills.

The Thought Club held its regular meeting Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Webster. The club has continued its study of Shakespeare, and having finished reading "The Merchant of Venice" the members were helped to a clearer understanding of the play, and its characters, by a fine analysis by Mr. Weld. Arrangements were made for one of the social evening entertainments so popular last winter, and the prospects for a successful season are bright and promising.

"THERE REMAINETH A REST" FOR THE PEOPLE OF GOD.

WEARY heart O rest thee now
 In thy Saviour's love;
 Soothe the anguish from thy brow
 In that boundless love.
 So thou'rt called to thy rest
 On this fair new year.
 May thy soul be fully blest
 And thy prize appear.

Earthly trials, mortal pain
 Now for thee are o'er,
 And in thy exceeding gain
 Be joyful ever more.
 Soon we'll join thy upward way
 To that land the best,
 Soon "all tears be wiped away"
 In "The saint's sweet rest."

A BIRTH DAY REMINISCENCE.

ON the fifteenth of August, 1887, quite a number of friends gathered at the home of the author of these thoughts and garnered memorials, to celebrate the eighty-eighth anniversary of the birth of her aged mother. Loving congratulations and the reception of gifts filled the time and soon won the grateful thanks of the pleased and happy recipients of so much kindness and cheer. From among the many choice gifts we cull one to share with appreciative friends.

MRS. ELIZABETH G. HEDGE :—

Dear venerable and venerated sister ! Your old octogenarian brother, four years your junior, comes on your eighty-eighth birthday, to greet you with his glad all hail ! Joy to you ! Blessings on you ! Our Father hath meeted out to each of us a pilgrimage. How long ? How short ? How checkered ? How dashed with tears and smiles, griefs and joys, trials and deliverance, wounds and healing—all to teach, train, chasten, discipline, and develop into His own “bond of perfectness.” All are the blessings of a loving Father, who “sitteth as a refiner and purifier of silver” to purge away its dross. Whether your next birth day finds us in the flesh *here*, or in the spirit *there*, or one here and the other there, what mattereth it ? To God, time and space are nullities ! Thus let them be to us.

Faithfully your old friend and brother,

THEODORE D. WELD.

“GOD SPEED THE DAY.”

He speeds the day ; it is his own,
And hastens swift along ;
For suffering souls there yet is born
A gladness bright and strong.
He speeds it most in seeming ill,
In times of trouble sore ;
For when each earthly idol's still,
We turn to Him the more.

A peace is born of conflict deep
With carnal selfish ways ;
And those who this sweet peace can keep,
Fear not while truth delays.
He speeds it in the hurricane,
The fiery fiend and hail,
To help us find that greater gain
Which tempests can't assail.

He speeds it in the justice deep,
Which sinful living scorns ;
That what we sow we sure shall reap,
And not the grape of thorns.
That if our life is full of greeds,
And narrow, selfish aims,
The sphere we move in feels the seeds
Which such a life proclaims.

The miasmatic state it breeds,
Engenders evils sore,
Until in pestilence the seeds
Spring up and grow the more.
Or if in burning lust or hate
The life be inly spent,
The outer sphere is only mate
To that by which it's rent.

WHY DOES NOT SUFFRAGE COME?

FIRSTLY, because of the indifference of women, or in other words, the lack of that divine enthusiasm which is so necessary to cope successfully with a wrong which is interwoven with every warp and thread of life. And her failing to consider that she has aught to do to remedy existing abuses, not realizing in her own case that "who would be free themselves must strike the blow."

Secondly, the common, but often unconscious unwillingness on the part of man to share the absolute monarchy he has held so long, requiring more heroism and true manhood than all are in possession of. Then, lastly, a feeling grown of tradition that some how or other a millenium is sure to come when every wrong will be righted, and justice will come without all this labor of humanity. This certainly cannot be the spirit of beneficence which animated the breast of Jesus, or which will bring about the redemption of the world. Emancipation meant little for the negro without the ballot, which would be as much for the elevation of woman and consequently of the whole people. It would help educate women giving them enlarged and better ideas as citizens and home makers. And self-development is as much and necessary a right for woman as for man. As Mrs. Gage says, "A woman is a woman in soul and spirit," and prefers to be. "Equality does not mean identity."

ON WHITTIER'S SEVENTY-FIRST BIRTH DAY.

Ring the joy bells! Crown the Poet!
Let our peans fill the air,
Wait not till the poet passes
Up the bright and golden stair.

For the dear and blessed Saviour
Bringing sacred gifts to men,
Must have stirr'd this heart of pity
Thus to feel for fellow men.

Like the Master how he suffered
When the wrath of man he felt,
But his soul undaunted laboured —
At his feet the bondmen knelt.

Weave the chaplet for he's worthy,
Crown him with your choicest bays,
But O where's the coming Bayard
To prolong fair freedom's lays?

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

OF all the "many inventions mankind have sought out," none seem so little fraught with good to him, spiritually, as those which offer to him immunity from the effect of sin. Why? Because, the one thought now is to avoid the penalty, not considering that the cause is the wrong to be avoided, and that the penalty is nothing more nor less than the consequence which must follow certain causes.

Cause and effect are inseparable, and must succeed each other, as certainly as the ebbing and flowing of the tide, or

the oscillations of the pendulum. "The soul that sinneth (against the laws of its being) shalt die," was fulfilled, though the mortal body might not then have perished. Its spiritual perceptions and life were so paralyzed, that the true and higher life was sacrificed for the time, and has thus continued, until One came with power enough over the body to fulfill the law of obedience, put it into subjection to the spirit, and show how it could be done.

The Adamic Parents waited not until the time when they could generate rightly. The result was a murderer, instead of a being on as high a plane as themselves. Though becoming as gods, through the creative function, they sank from the innocent and guileless, until, now, the fig-tree covering has become the most *engrossing thought*, instead of the *cause* that produced its necessity. The primal innocence is gone, and nothing can restore it but the avoidance of what has so long destroyed it, and filled the earth with wantonness. Let us draw a figure as did the Master, to illustrate from common life. In your house you have an ice closet which was constructed to run its waste water into a vessel beneath it. But lately it leaks and the pan does not receive it, and your floor is wet and you are annoyed.

"That can be remedied" says one, "have a platform made as large as can be put under, with a border around it, and run the water from that." Well, you try it, and it keeps most of the water from the floor. But suppose you would look into the refrigerator and see the floor beneath that zinc, soaked and decaying, the charcoal saturated with water, and the under floor almost ready to drop out. Would you think your refrigerator was saved? Would you not say, what a fool I was to doctor effects instead of searching for the cause? All I needed was something to reach the *cause*. A little skill and solder, and sense, seasonably and suitably served, would have sufficed.

But in this tabernacle of the body, we ignore the laws of its construction, and into its fine delicate membranes we crowd anything we happen to, without regard to its needs or capabilities, and then feel surprised if it cannot keep doing, and the machinery all run smoothly, while the vital forces are wearing out, prematurely, in an outlay which is at the same time defrauding the mind and soul of their life and inspiration.

Or, perhaps, we dress so tightly that the thin delicate texture of the lung cells cannot resist the pressure, and they, consequently, are not inflated and thus lose their life element and become diseased locally. Then, by not performing their functional work, the white blood or chyle fails to become charged with oxygen it should receive through the lungs to change it into the healthy vitalizing fluid, and the individual becomes pale and wasted, or burnt up with the fever nature intensifies, to assert once more her healthy poise of function.

We will speak of another fruitful cause of mischief, for whatever interferes with health of body, has its reflex on the spirit, and causes unhappiness and waste. We perhaps bring the delicate valves of the skin almost in contact with the chill or frosty earth, and thus close up the gates nature has provided for the ejection of a large amount of exhausted and impure matter, and then call it disease, when nature opens one of her more apparent relief gates to preserve the life.

We have made life so full of inventions, so artificial and complicated with fashion, parade and sham, that there is one continual strain on body and nerve. Although any quantity of labor-saving machinery have been tried, yet the ornaments and complications increase in greater ratio and there is no time left for rest of spirit, or for introspection. Many a tired and harassed house-keeper must look longingly forward to the rest of the grave.

So far removed are mankind from simplicity that the greatest boon now is, a resort to the wilderness, the mountains, or

the ocean ; where man's inventive genius has not robbed them of the simple grandeur and charm of nature's works. There they find healing and invigoration.

Though all animal and plant life seek the light and sunshine, except in its highest meridian, still, humanity, with similar internal organs and mechanism, shut themselves up in dark and dingy rooms, and bar out each ray of sunshine that would force itself in, lest carpets be faded, or flies flourish, for even *they* cannot live in the dark, except in a dormant condition. We exclude life and health conditions, and wonder that we ache, and groan, and die palsied ; wonder that life is deteriorating ; wonder that the daughters are not equal to the mothers.

Verily the Fathers builded better than they knew, when they cleared the land of trees in preparing a location. And the utility of blinds must certainly be questioned, if the glorious Autumnal Sun or blessed warmth of his Winter shining must be excluded.

"He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good," and none are so far removed from the Father's loving providence, that this is not their right.

Truly said the wise Teacher, "The light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the Sun." "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light." Why spoken of so exultingly, if light is not blessing, and darkness and anguish almost synonymous curses?

Or, why the promise? "Moreover the moon, shall be as the light of the sun, seven fold, in the day when my people are healed of their wounds and bruises." Or, why say of those who oppress the helpless that "their sun shall go down at noon, and the earth be darkened in a clear day?"

As light, and the opening of the interiors, are in correspondence spiritually, so are sun-light and health in the natural.

But one more figure. There stands a house. It is not old, and is nicely painted ; but there is some defect, or sickness on

one of its sides. "Oh, well," you say, "it is made of poor material." But are you sure *that* is the trouble? Away upon the roof there is a hole where there should be a shingle. Not near the defect, it is true, but in range with it, and much of the leakage has obeyed the law of hydrostatics and quietly glided down on the rafters, and has found an outlet through the finish which once made the building a thing of beauty, And that is only an effect which it is proper and right to expect of such a cause. Can you blame nature, or aught but your own neglect, if the building should crumble? You would have too good an understanding of *cause* and *effect* to say that the builder or his work was the cause of the mischief. You can only say the aperture in the roof should have been attended to.

But of the wonderful house which the spirit occupies, the entrances are guarded by sentinels, who are free agents, enlightened by reason and instruction, and though they say, Withhold! and try to stop the door, *inclination* and *carnal security* say, "Leave it open! If a leak start I can mend it. There is *pain killer*, just the thing." Or, if the mechanism gets over-worked and under-fed with the bracing air or sunlight, use a little *liniment*, or start it up with a dose of something which is so repulsive that it is in labor till it expels it. And that you call cure. How long can the mortal tenement endure such treatment? Strange that a harp of thousand strings should keep in tune so long.

But we started with the sickness of sin: and now ask if the same principles of common sense we would apply to other things, are not in order here? Shall we keep on sinning, because Christ died for sinners? or because sin can be confessed? Does that stop the sin and its consequences, which are physical and spiritual deterioration, any more than the platform saved the refrigerator?

"Mankind were created upright," manly and noble as lords

of lesser creations ; but, “ they have sought out many inventions,” — depraved and perverted habits ; have named, and classified the effects, and called them inherited evils and disease ; whereas, if we viewed them as consequences of our own, perhaps ignorant transgression, and sought their antidote in avoidance of producing causes, would we not be more consistent ?

Can we wonder that Jesus said, “ Except a man deny himself, and take up his cross daily, he cannot be my disciple ? ” Not only subdue the passions but the appetites. The leakage which is ruining manhood, is unbridled *appetite* ; and the deceptive invention, that there is a way to avoid its consequences, and thus *divorce* cause and effect.

OUR DEPARTED HEROES.

NOT in the mouldering ground below,
Do our dead heroes lie ;
But in the glowing spirit-land
Where they can never die.

The flowers we drop, the tears we shed,
Memorials of our lost,
Bring sadly to our burdened hearts
Their fearful price and cost.

But, slain in freedom's holy cause
We may not mourn their loss ;
For not a good of precious worth
Has been without its cross.

The freedom which the black man shares
Will yet be given all ;
And male and female, Gentile, Jew,
Respond to freedom's call.



BLUSH ROSES.

Oh, Roses, how you speak to me of beauty
And the perfect yet to be !
For, amid your smiles and blushes
God's love shines resplendently.

A PARLOR MEETING.

THERE was a delightful gathering of neighbors and members of the Thought Club, on Wednesday evening, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Payson, on Fairmount. Mr. Weld eloquently rendered passages from Macbeth. Mr. and Mrs. Giles and Mrs. Payson gave charming readings, and Mrs. Cooper, and Miss Davis, and Mrs. Giles enlivened the intervals with music. Mrs. E. H. Webster read a short essay as follows :

“ Death is but the cloud that lies
Between our souls and Paradise.”

As this couplet was given me by a dear friend, I exclaimed how lovely ! and thought it true. But as I examined it mentally, I saw that it was only partially true or rather it conveys a half truth. That death is as unreal as a cloud, I admit ; but that heaven necessarily lies beyond, I do not believe. For heaven is now, and with us if we will. If we work to have it, it does not wait for any ceremony like that of death, although that is the going out of the greatest or most universal fear. “ The kingdom of heaven is within,” and in the understanding and fulfilling of the beautiful truths of the Gospel, lies the secret of happiness, harmony, growth and blessedness. “ Harmony itself is happiness and heaven. All seek happiness, but there is none outside of God. Man’s normal condition is happiness and health. We unfold step by step, day by day, and what a joy it is to feel that we have gained a step, even better than to have had all at once.” “ The gifted, progressive Mary Clemmer who has just passed to the other side, is not less, but more, herself. And I accepted the

reproof of a friend, because I said, "What a loss!" There can be no loss, she said, in mind, nor for such as she." A few weeks before the passing away of "Warrington," he sat one day as was his wont, before his open fire, in a meditative posture, with his hands at rest. As his wife entered the room, he looked up with a bright smile, and said, "It is curious how the belief in the immortality of the soul grows upon you. As I have been sitting here day after day, it has come to me; and I am sure of it, as sure of it, and of living again, as I am that I am here. It is just like going into another room. I feel every day like one who walks by a hedge and is looking for a gate,—a gap to go through, to walk on the other side." Lydia Maria Child, in writing of the death of a friend, said, "Death will be to him merely passing out of one room, filled with friends, into another room still more full of friends." What a blessing it would be if we could establish the belief that life goes right on, and know and feel that it is all well, that "I cannot drift beyond his love and care." "There is no death, what seems so is transition." God is love, but sorrow is selfish, and blinds us to the fact that our friends may be as truly watching over and loving us as if our mortal eyes beheld them."

This called out Rev. J. B. Davis, who gave the speech of the evening, full of thought and lively interest. At a late hour, the company adjourned, feeling they had enjoyed a "feast of reason and a flow of soul."



TO A CLOVER BLOSSOM.

FLOWER whose dainty, sweet perfume
Loads the pleasant summer air :—
Like the breath of new made hay,
Let me now thy charms declare.

Modest in thy humble life
Thou dost grace the quiet spot,
With thy sweeten'd brightness cheer
All the partners of thy lot.

Honey bees ! they love thee well,
Suck the sweetness from thy lips,
Hoard them up for winter's use
When the cold each floweret strips.

And, when blooming turns to gray,
And thy beauty fades away —
Blest art thou in thy decay,
Strengthened, healer, in thy way.

THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS.

ABRAHAM Lincoln when at one time strongly urged to suppress a work of exceeding disloyalty, replied, " I fear you do not fully comprehend the danger of abridging the liberties of the people. Nothing but the very sternest necessity can ever justify it."

We too believe, as must all who read the papers of the day, that there is fearful danger in the abridgement of the liberties of the people, more particularly of the feminine portion. They too often find it difficult to exercise the God-given "rights

to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." These rights, which are called self-evident, seem but the more needful to Woman, in consideration of her less strong physical make, and her long-continued state of dependence. "A government," Mr. Lincoln further said, "had better go to the very extreme of toleration than to do aught that could be construed into an interference with, or could jeopardize in any degree, the common rights of its citizens." Besides the common rights to which we have alluded, are those which give their possessors a voice in the selection of their law-makers and executors. And these rights are considered as stays to patriotism, enabling each citizen to say and feel — "My country!"

But he speaks of the importance of not jeopardizing the rights of citizens. Worcester says a citizen is "one entitled to the privileges of a city, a freeman as distinguished from a foreigner or a slave." Must citizenship not then include woman? They are not foreigners necessarily, and are not slaves, we trust.

And if those in whose charge is the business of government, only realize the great necessity of not jeopardizing the rights of citizens, to whom can those who feel that they are suffering through the abridgement of rights come, with more certainty of consideration and help, than to that refuge from oppression which declares "all to be free and equal, and that taxation without representation is tyranny." Surely, the resisters of taxation cannot become the enforcers of it on the disenfranchised. The oppressed cannot in turn become oppressors! The whilom sufferers from rights abridged, cannot, must not, become the abridgers of the rights and liberties of others!

But you ask, why do not all or more women come forward to ask for equal rights and privileges? It is not more strange than that the oppressed people, the ages through, have been wary in the expression of grievances. But the fact that multitudes of wise and thoughtful women do urge, and for years have

most respectfully and earnestly urged it, it is proof that it is desired, and it is a petition which, for almost any other cause, would have been granted long ere this. Tennyson's grand heroic soul :—

“Who revered his conscience as his King,
Whose glory was redressing human wrong.”

is not fled the earth, though the brave Lincoln may not write another emancipation act, which is to give freedom to another so long disfranchised class :—

“For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win.
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.”

The day in which we live does not call for privileged or subordinate classes, “neither male nor female, bond nor free.” “Redressing human wrongs” which ignorance, custom or tradition have entailed upon us, will yet be seen to be noble, manly and God-like work, and wholly legitimate. The prayers of your nearly thirty years petitioners will not have been in vain. I would beg for the nobler, juster way. “That man, for manhood's sake, should give ungrudging, and not withhold till women must fight for it.” As another has so well expressed :—

“For I am not strong nor valiant;
I would not join in fight,
Or jostle with men in the highways,
Or stain my garments white.”

But I have rights as a woman, and here I rest my claim.

TRIBUTE TO WHITTIER.

POET of the heart we thank thee,
For thy life to freedom giv'n,
For the noble self-abandon,
With which thou hast ever striv'n.

For thy ringing blasts of censure
When no other tones could wake
From their lethargy of sin
Those who found their all at stake.

Moses of an enslaved people,
Breaker of all selfish bands,
Sweet deliverer singing freedom,
Stayer-up of trembling hands ;

Much has woman cause to thank thee,
For thy sympathy sincere,
Heart of brotherhood and pity
Which could stay afflictions tear.

Thou her truest, bravest champion,
In the cause of equal rights,
Stay ! till thou behold thy guerdon
Man and woman "on the heights."

A FEW DAYS IN MONTREAL.

LEAVING Boston by way of the Fitchburg Railroad, we pass lovely suburban villages and charmingly varied landscapes. As the towns and villages of northern Massachusetts are left behind, we suddenly become conscious that we are traversing a

region of increased fertility. The country watered by the Connecticut is most lovely in beauty and verdure, and one who sees it wonders not that its mountains are called "Green." Indeed, so fresh and green and luxuriant are its hills and mountains and farms in the wealth of nature's blessings, that one comes to wonder how any who has ever been permitted to see these or similar spots, could ever endure the privation of poverty in a city, or the life of a homeless tramp. The comfort and thrift of the snugly-nestled homes seems enough to invite the wayfaring man, though idle and vagrant, to a life of use.

It was dark and late when we reached Montreal, but we had caught many a lovely bit of landscape and a glimpse of Lake Champlain in its grand and quiet beauty. The wonderful covered Victoria bridge, which spans the St. Lawrence here, permits but a slight view of the noble river, for which my eyes were in waiting.

We arrived safely at the station, and, weary and dusty, soon found, through the agency of kind friends, the needed rest and refreshment.

On the morrow began our sight-seeing, with a view to the city buildings, rich and magnificent in style and material. Notre Dame, with its double tower, and wealth of paintings and stained glass, seems to transport one to the old country, so unlike is it to our ordinary church architecture.

But, interesting as are the cathedrals and nunneries, and quaint costumes of the various nationalities, the most sublime sight to us was the view from the tower in the cemetery, where we could trace the course of the majestic river, the long lines of mountains in the distance, and the picturesque villages dotting the landscape. The air was chill and breezy, or we should have felt chained to the spot so rich in grandeur.

Another most interesting trip is the ride to Lachine in the cars, and the sight of neighboring Indian villages across the river,

and the return to Montreal by steamboat over the rapids. It is sufficiently rough and perilous, around by boat, to be thrilling, and to make one marvel at the skill of the pilot, who can find the safe passage amidst these rocks and breakers. You pass under Victoria bridge, and can scan its marvelous length of a mile and a quarter.

A more enjoyable trip still, is a ride up the lovely mountain which flanks the city on the north, which has been appropriated by the city for a public park, and is being graded and rendered convenient of ascent to the summit. The views of the city and river, which burst upon our view through the lovely forest trees which clothe the mountain, are magnificent beyond description. McGill College and the Theological University, as well as hosts of institutions, churches, towers, and the magnificent new Windsor Hotel, can all be plainly seen below; also the Green and White Mountains, far in the southern horizon.

So far we have seen no drunken persons; and though occasionally a beggar has thrust forth a beseeching hand, at which we wondered, in this city of charitable institutions, still we have seen no loaferism, no holding on to street posts, and no all-day occupying of public-ground settees. The people seem industriously plying their vocations, however humble, in manifest content. Women oft-times were driving through the streets with loads of produce, or delivering milk, looking hale and hearty and, as we thought, somewhat heroic, on their high, two-wheeled dog-carts; certainly they exhibited far more womanhood and helpfulness than if following the more common calling of street-sweeping.

We do not wonder that Montreal is proud of her beautiful city, so rich in local beauties and in suburban fertility. In another chapter we will write of Quebec and her approaches.

A PRAYER.

DEAR Father thankfully we're led
To own thy tender care
Which all around us has been shed
A bounteous gospel share.

We would thy spirit humbly crave
In each now waiting heart,
That strong to bless and cheer and save
The weakest may have part.

Here may we in thy love abide,
In harmony divine,
The living Christ in us reside
To make each temple thine.

QUEBEC AND ITS APPROACHES.

THE regret which one naturally feels in travelling, that many scenes so rich in natural beauty must be traversed in the night, is somewhat modified by the fine view one has from the deck of the Quebec steam-boat previous to and during departure.

The Custom-house, a fine building, is near, and shows grandly from the river, as do a host of mercantile buildings, and the fine sea-wall which protects the city from the river.

Another good view of Victoria bridge! We are informed that it lacks but about fifteen yards of being two English miles long, instead of one and a quarter as we stated. The remains of daylight afford one many fine views of Longueil and the different settlements on the river bank, and give you a faint idea of

the majestic St. Lawrence which is the outlet for so many mighty lakes and streams, and whose waters have so lately made the perilous plunge of Niagara.

But you soon realize that the staunch steamer is bearing on a little world of its own, and, a moving palace, it is providing refreshment and rest, and relaxation for the lovers of music. From your customary sleep you are not disturbed in your cosy little state-room, unless you have the curiosity to witness the landings, which are made at Sorel, Three Rivers, and Batis-can.

An early wake and walk on deck will reward you with lovely landscapes of the shores, which have left the low line of Montreal and have become high as bluffs. The frequency of buildings shows you that we are nearing one of the centres of civilization, and we shall soon behold the citadel city of Quebec.

Apparently almost impregnable by nature, it is no wonder that the early settlers seized on it for a stronghold in a time of conquests and of defence. The lower town is so over-shadowed by the upper one, that it seems to be mostly used as the heavy business part, and contains few residences comparatively.

Most kindly favored with a friend and guide, we turned our steps to the Point Levi ferry-boat lying near, and soon found ourselves crossing the river to a situation much resembling Quebec in its lower landing and steep ascent to the upper-town. It seemed almost a problem which should gain the victory, the stout Canadian pony or the power of gravitation. But the summit once gained, we were well repaid, for a finer view of the opposite city cannot be had, with its battlements, citadel, churches and convents.

A sweet New-England-like home refreshes us with its hospitality and culture, and we go to view the wonders of the opposite city. Thankful that the almost perpendicular descent is not icy, we soon find ourselves across the ferry, and, after a

similar steep ascent, arrive at the door of an old cathedral built in 1688, nearly two hundred years ago, in good preservation. The city walls and gates have mostly been removed, and we walk around on the ramparts and occasionally seat ourselves to "view the landscape o'er." The Island of Orleans lies just below, green and beautiful. The opposite towns of St. Joseph and Point Levi rise like pyramids of beauty from the river's bank, and the river is grand and majestic till lost in the distance. Then, to look nearer, you can let your eyes fall into the chimneys, yards and streets of the town beneath, so ancient and so quaint!

From these we pass on to the Esplanade, *en route* for the Citadel. Thanks to our friendly escort, we gain admittance, and pass within the fortifications, which seem vast enough to contain the inhabitants of the city, should it be necessary, for a short time. A group of men were on drill at a cannon, tactics which we fervently hoped might never be called into use. Every thing about is most neat and comfortable, with a prospect grand enough to make a man the better for, through simple gratitude to its Creator.

The next morning we take a carriage for the falls of Montmorenci, and, though rainy, the outlook is interesting. The most pretentious building is the Insane Asylum, finely situated. The road is much of the time in sight of the St. Lawrence, and passes over a fertile country with comfortable looking houses, mostly plastered white. The view of the falls is exceedingly lovely. The steps being too wet to permit a safe descent, our view was entirely from the upper level, and it seemed hard to believe they were 240 feet in fall. They separate in falling into several silver-like threads with shrubs and rocks between, and formed one of the most interesting objects we beheld in the oft remembered Quebec.

“REJOICE EVERMORE.”



H! how brightly glows the sunshine
 On this blessed Sabbath morn!
 Calmly, sweetly wave the tree tops
 And the blossoms of the corn.
 Smiling nature breathes new praises
 At the goodness of our God,
 Every living thing is chanting
 In its way a psalm to God.

Shall I then withhold my tribute
 While His blessings still increase?
 Filling outward life with plenty
 And my inward life with peace?
 Never, while this fount is flowing
 As I think upon His love,
 Or within my heart is welling
 Gratitude to One above.

From a world of weary sighing
 He has turned my wand'ring feet,
 Led me to a fount of cleansing
 Where I found a mercy seat.
 Breath'd away the dust and ashes
 That my robe might be complete,
 Gave me life from out of dying
 Show'd how death and joy might meet.

Shall I then forbear to praise Him?
Never, while His way I see!
Never while His light is shining
Showing duty unto me!
Never while His power constrains me
To be pure and clean within;
Never while His love enchains me
In the path that leads from sin.

A PLYMOUTH OUTING.

WHAT more fitting spot for a woman suffrage gathering than Plymouth Rock? And what more eminently suitable day than one whose early dawn could give no promise of fair sky or golden sunshine; but still, in its mild humidity was a most bland and gentle contrast with the day on which our fore-mothers set their weary feet on that same rock now so venerated. The Hyde Park delegation numbering five, was reinforced in Boston by Miss Pond, at Quincy by Mrs. Claflin who has been such a faithful worker on the Quincy School Committee, and Mrs. Faxon, whose husband, the doctor, has charge of the Seaman's Home at Wollaston. At Abington Station, Rev. Ada Bowles and others joined the company, while Brockton and the nearer towns sent in larger delegations. The only slight rain of the day was experienced when Plymouth was reached and the walk taken to Pilgrim Hall. From there all went to Lyceum Hall where the meetings were to be held. A large barge load of the company here embarked and proceeded along this same street (which is called Leyden street, and is the oldest in town,) towards the shore. We rode over Coles Hill, where the little colony of 101 laid away half of their number during their first year, through suffering

and exposure, and, as the story goes, planted the spot with corn, that the Indians might not know how weak they had become. From there we started for the National Monument, the driver pointing out the site of the oldest house; but, going down the hill, we came to the granite enclosure which protects the veritable rock on which the pilgrims landed, and on which May Chilton was the first to place her foot. We felt it a privilege to reverently press it with our hands as we thought of the heroic band who landed there. The National Monument, situated on quite a hill, commands a view of the harbor and beautiful surrounding country. Its crowning Statue of Faith, is wonderfully sweet, considering its immense size. The raised arm, from the elbow to finger tips being eight feet in length. Several other fine figures of History and Art are on the pedestal, and on the sides of the central part are exquisite figures in Alto-rilievo on pure, white marble, of the signing of the compact. Our next object was Burial Hill, full of interesting and quaint memorials. Judge Russell's grave covered with fresh flowers, and its headstone of a granite boulder attracted our attention.

We next went to Lyceum Hall, where a refreshing lunch was partaken, and then a short walk taken to Pilgrim Hall for a hasty survey of the relics which repose there. The fine large paintings of the Mayflower group, the chairs of Elder Brewster and Governor Carver, the cradle wherein Peregrine White was rocked and other memorials glanced at, and our return to Lyceum Hall accelerated. Here we found quite a little audience assembled, and as the President of the Plymouth League who was to preside was detained, Mr. Weld was urged to accept the chair, which, by the way, was loaned by the Custom House officer for the occasion. But, in finally consenting to serve as chairman, he said he felt that man has heretofore taken all the best places and said quietly to woman, "you may retire." He introduced Mrs. Claflin as

the first speaker. In commencing, she said, it was pleasant to her to speak in Plymouth, for it would seem that the very soil and air must be full of the spirit of freedom. That we still have to ask for more after 250 years, seems a marvel, after considering the sufferings and heroism of the fore-mothers. She alluded to Elizabeth Poore who emigrated here on account of her religion, and who bought land and founded a colony for freedom of conscience. She thought that more of the same holy principle, would make women more earnest for the ballot, which is a so much easier way of securing results than the only way left to woman,—by petition. Man cannot represent woman. Those who bear the consequences ought to share in the antecedents. Her sensible talk was followed by an eloquent plea by A. E. Grimke, Esq., on the importance of using all the moral forces of humanity for the cure of the body politic. Mr. Weld's remarks were brief, as the time for return cut short the words the convention were so interested in hearing, and the pleasant Plymouth day can only live in memory of its lessons of beauty and use.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THIS grand woman, whose affiliation with the cause of abolitionism occasioned her fall from the ranks of polite literature, which she had so early and worthily entered, is but little known in fashionable circles. Let us, therefore, give a picture of her as her friend and biographer, the poet Whittier has painted her in an introduction to a volume of her letters. She was born in Medford, February 11th, 1802, her father, David Frances, being a worthy citizen of that town. Her brother, Convers Francis, afterwards theological professor in Harvard College, was older but of great help in her home

studies. While only twelve, after reading Waverly, she exclaimed — “Why can’t I write a novel?” Her first published work was “Hobomok” while she was in her twenty-first year. It succeeded so well that she soon after gave to the public another, “The Rebels” which ran rapidly through several editions. Then followed “The Mother’s Book,” running through eight American editions, twelve English and one German, “The Girl’s Book,” “The History of Women” and the “Frugal Housewife,” of which thirty-five editions were published. Her “Juvenile Miscellany,” was commenced in 1826. Wendell Phillips says of her character, “It was one of rare elements, the finest fruit of New England theology, traditions and habits.” There were all the charms and graceful feminine elements united with masculine grasp and vigor; sound judgment and great breadth; large common sense and capacity for every day usefulness; endurance, foresight, strength and skill. But her admirable conscientiousness was more remarkable even than her lavishly endowed gifts. The success of her new books was so rare that the Boston Atheneum paid her the almost unique compliment of a free ticket of admission. But when her “Appeal for Africans” came out and she sent them a copy, her ticket was withdrawn. From being the most popular literary woman in the United States, the whole scene changed — obloquy and hard work, ill paid, followed. The name she had made a tailsman turned to her reproach, and her life henceforth a sacrifice.” Just the time when she wrote her charming romance of Philothea we cannot tell, but in 1836 she wrote to her brother, “I am very glad that you like Philoth  a. I have heard the echo of newspaper praise, but have not, in fact, a single notice. I am glad if this work adds to my reputation, because it will help to increase my influence in the Anti-slavery cause. It will be another added to the widow’s fund for the treasury of the Lord. Every day I feel more thankful for a cause that carries me out

of myself." In another letter, she says, "I know not how it is, but my natural temperament is such that when I wish to do anything I seem to have an instinctive faith that I can do it; whether it be cutting and making a garment or writing a Greek novel." So perfect is her characterization of Greek life, that a professor of Greek in one of our colleges said, "that it was impossible that she was not a Greek scholar." Whereas she knew nothing of Greek but the alphabet, but always loved the sound of it, she said. With all her taste for literature and heart so full of pity and kindness for the oppressed, she was a delightful home-maker, and her union with David Lee Child, Esq., was one of continued helpful and appreciative love. The "Ladies' Family Library" in five or six volumes, "The Oasis," "Rose Marian," "Letters from New York," "Flowers for Children," "Isaac T. Hopper," "Romance of the Republic," "Looking towards Sunset," "The Progress of Religious Ideas," and "Aspirations of the World" are some of her many published works. As a specimen of her generosity, Wendell Phillips says of her, "Her spirit was Spartan. When she had nothing for others she worked to get it. She wrote to me once, 'I have four hundred dollars to my credit at my publishers, for my book on 'Looking towards Sunset;' please get it and give it to the Freedmen.'" She outlived her husband but a few years — missing sadly his companionship, — and passed away serenely, though suddenly. Lowell, one of her warmest admirers, portrays her generosity in his *Fable for Critics*.

" There comes Philothea, her face all aglow,
She has just been dividing some poor creatures woe,
And can't tell which pleases her most, to relieve
His want, or his story to hear and believe.

As this little romance of "Philothea" is out of print and almost impossible to obtain, being in but few libraries, some of its charming bits must be in order. The book opens with

a moonlit scene when "the earth was like a slumbering babe, smiling in its sleep because it dreams of Heaven." The two principal characters are Philothea and Eudora, who are enjoying "the music silent to the ear but audible to the heart." "Philothea," she says, "might have been a model for the seraphs of Christian faith, and the other an Olympian Deity." "What is it," says the former, "within us, that listens when there is no sound? Is it thus that we shall hear in Elysium?" In such an hour as this Plato must have received the sublime thought, "God is Truth and Light is its Shadow." "Then you believe in a future existence," said Aspasia. Philothea replied, "that the simple fact that the human soul has ever thought of another world is sufficient proof that there is one, for how can an idea be formed by mortals unless it has first existed in the Divine mind?" "A reader of Plato I perceive," said Aspasia. "They told me I should find you pure and child-like, with a soul from which poetry sparkled like moonlight on the water. I did not know that wisdom and philosophy lay concealed in its depths."

"Is there any other wisdom than true simplicity and innocence?" asked the maiden.

Another delightful scrap is from her description of a feast. Some one must be chosen to preside, so the chaplet was placed on the head of Plato, as the wisest. Plato, however, declined the honor and wished to transfer it to Alcibiades, — the most beautiful, but the young man exclaimed, "Nay! according to your own doctrine, O admirable Plato, wisdom should wear the crown since beauty is but its outward form." Thus urged, Plato accepted the honors, and, taking a handful of garlands from the golden urn, he proceeded to crown the guests. He first placed upon Aspasia's head a wreath of bright and variegated flowers, mostly roses. Upon Hipparète he bestowed a coronal of violets, regarded by the proud Athenians as their own peculiar flower. Philothea received a crown of pure,

white lilies. Aspasia observing this, exclaimed "Tell me, O Plato, how did you know that wreath above all others was woven for the grand daughter of Anaxagoras?" "When I hear a note of music can I not at once strike its cord?" answered the philosopher, "even as surely is there an everlasting harmony between the soul of man and the visible forms of creation. If there were no innocent hearts there would be no white lilies." Eudora is not represented in either of these extracts, she being rather the opposite kind of character from Philothea, but her course is finely portrayed in the book. In "Looking towards Sunset," Mrs. Child says, "I reverently ask His blessing on this attempt to imitate, in my humble way, the setting rays of the great luminary, which throws cheerful gleams into so many lonely old homes, which kindles golden fires on trees whose foliage is falling, and lights up the silvered heads on which it rests with a glory that reminds one of immortal crowns."

Opening a book lately which claimed to be "Masterpieces of English Literature," we were introduced to thirty-nine authors whose works were considered under that designation — while room was given for only one woman — George Elliot. By this judgment, would a man who had accomplished the literary work of writing forty-five or fifty volumes, and a small part of whose correspondence forms another delightful volume, be left unrecognized in the literature of the day? Then, too, an article of hers on the American war, entitled, "Supposed Speech of James Otis," is considered so fine a piece of oratory as to be used in highest schools for declamation.

So much for her as a writer, and we have not touched the subject. While her greatest work partakes more strongly of Philanthropy. With small means and economical habits, she was continually doing for others. Garrison and Phillips, her coadjutors, lived to see the chains broken from the necks of the slave, and their toils appreciated and honored by a grateful

people, though both were just as enthusiastic workers for woman's freedom, and if still with us would be foremost in the struggle. But the sacrifices which Mrs. Child made for freedom, and not only her's, but other noble women's like Abby Kelley Foster's, never seem to have gained the e-clät or appreciation which will most certainly be theirs, if this generation is faithful in the study and record of its heroes. She was so simple and retiring that probably she never thought but the love of those who knew her best was enough.



PART SECOND.



OR

GLEANINGS

FROM

THOUGHTS HEARD AND READ.

REV. WILLIAM H. CHANNING.



SUNDAY forenoon Mr. Rich delivered an uncommon suggestive and practical discourse on "pressing for the mark of our high calling." The evening exercises commenced with singing, and reading of scripture and prayer by Mr. Rich. Mr. Channing read further from Ephesians with thrilling earnestness and solemnity. He then said that these

glowing prophecies become this era of the Christian church. It is coming! — this dwelling of God in humanity. There is an ever-present inspiration. Can you not catch the spirit of its infinite sympathies? It is as the very union of the child with its father. What is the gospel of today? It is of a globe glorified by human instrumentalities; a heaven here upon earth. To create this there must be deeper consecration; more realization of the sacredness of the individual; more purity in the homes, where man and woman should be as priest and priestess.

The world is full of unsatisfied longings. Religion is the need, the centre of peace, the new bond of order. We want a new baptism of that same spirit which was in Jesus Christ; a new sense of humanity. We are standing at the open door, which, but for our animalism, would be open to reveal to us that work is worship. "We are members of one another," and living impersonations of the past. We need to feel the

force of that latent power, "Thou, Father, in me and I in them," which would lift us up to new conceptions of human nature's possibilities, and new reverence for one another, — the divine humanity in man, — until we "arrive at the stature of the perfect man."

The over-looking angels call upon us for greater victories of love, new sanctification, a new tenderness of love, greater purification. Consecration and a life of prayer will help us carry up our avocations into a higher, purer plane; overcoming all antagonisms and sordidness. Then shall we set a new example to the world, of the brotherhood of man, and of a risen and glorified humanity. A loving, trustful prayer, breathed from the lips of this beloved disciple in blessings on the worshipers.

After singing "All hail the power, etc.," the crowded but almost breathless audience retired.

THE THOUGHT CLUB.

TUESDAY afternoon the ladies of the Hyde Park Thought Club enjoyed the second of the very entertaining and instructive parlor talks by Mrs. Diaz. Her theme was, "The Intellectual Development of Woman." She said woman must be broadened by enlightenment, she must be made to think. And woman's clubs and societies help to do this. Man must learn that he is not to dictate the manner in which woman is to develop, but she must be free to unfold in her own way, according to the divine possibilities within. Some valuable hints were also given regarding the training of children, which all mothers should have heard. Mrs. Diaz then illustrated how, in many instances, unenlightened love often worked more evil than good with the children; how deception, emulation and

undue ambition are unconsciously developed, and although we consider it our duty to pray that swords may be beaten into ploughshares, the mother plants in her child the love of glory in that hideous thing called war, by teaching him to look upon parades of blazoned weapons and brilliant uniforms; and regretted the action of one or two publishers in choosing a terrific battle scene for the frontispiece in children's magazines.

In regard to clubs for women, Mrs. Diaz gave illustrations of their mode of working, the beneficial results they had already accomplished, and thought it a great benefit to women to occasionally get away from the petty cares of routine duties, to come together and have free interchange of thought upon educational, moral and literary subjects; and the best method for this was a woman's club, established upon a high plane, where each might feel that it is an open breathing place for all, and from which each may return home more impressed with her accountability for development and the influence she exerts over those who come under her guidance.

REV. MR. FERRY.

“Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy services be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.”

— *Whittier.*

REV. Mr. Ferry of Northampton, preached morning and evening at the Unitarian church. The text of the morning discourse was from St. John, iii. chap, 11th, 12th, and 13th verses — “Verily, verily, I say unto thee, we speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen; and ye receive not our witness. If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?”

“Intellect or thought controls,” he said. “By the power of his brain, man controls all the lower world, his superiors far in physical power. Mind power has triumphed over intellectual power. It is a power that is ruling the world to-day, ‘a survival of the fittest,’ the superior of all miserable aims that end in self. If you wish to work out any results in God’s kingdom, you must regard the laws that control there. By appropriating His life-giving power he calls all to his attributes of love and sympathy for others in kind, if not in degree. Oneness of harmony with God, learning of Jesus, assimilation of divine force, brings into fellowship with God, so that these fine elements make one stronger and better. The poor man who has mastered the lesson of content has a far richer treasure to take with him to the future life than the man of great earthly possessions, but who can take none of them with him. He has become co-partner with God. That which has become experimental with you in your experience is yours.

TEMPERANCE.

A most interesting meeting of the National W. C. T. U., was held in Detroit, so full of choice things that we must give a few of the closing words of Miss Francis E. Willard’s address. “Beloved,” she said, “we have given hostages, not to fortune, but to humanity. We are building better than we know. We stand not only for the cause of temperance, but for the diviner woman-hood that shall ere long bring in the era of ‘sweeter manners, purer laws.’ We stand for the mighty forces which level up, not down, and which shall draw manhood up to woman’s standard of purity in the personal conduct of life. We are the prophets of a time when the present fashionable frivolities of women, and money-worship of men shall

find themselves confronted by God's higher law of a complete humanity resulting from

'Two heads in council; two beside the hearth;
Two in the noisy business of the world;
Two in the liberal offices of life;
Two plummets dropped,
To sound the abyss of science and the secrets of the mind.'

For the world begins to see that

No lasting link to bind, two souls are wrought,
Where passion takes no deeper cast from thought.

In all this wondrous battle let our motto be 'womanliness first.'"

Mrs. Mary Hunt of Hyde Park, made several addresses before the convention, and was re-elected superintendent of scientific instruction on temperance in schools, &c. She also delivered the annual sermon before the convention Sunday morning, in presence of a full house and with excellent effect. The theme was, "The necessity of greater faith and patience in all reform efforts." The temperance work seems to meet with most encouraging success in the West and South, North and East. Shall it find the work here, so near the cradle of the heroic virtues, any less earnest and effectual? We trust not, and that even the names of "wine and beer" shall not always flaunt their signs to show where they have freely flowed.

AN EVENING WITH ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY.

A very delightful season was enjoyed by the Thought Club at the charming home of the late Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. The president called the meeting to order in a few fitting words, giving the topic of the evening, and each member contributed something for the occasion. The spacious parlor was completely filled,

each member being allowed the privilege of inviting one friend. Mrs. Stone read a very interesting memorial of the Cary sisters, which showed that, like many other children of genius, they were not particularly favored by fortune in their childhood. They were born in the Miami Valley near Cincinnati, Alice on the 25th day of April, 1820, and Phœbe on Sept. 4, 1824. At the ages of 17 and 13 they began to write out the songs which seemed to sing themselves into being. Through the day they would attend to the household duties, and in the evening study and write. The loss of their mother when Alice was but 15 years old, and the marriage of their father, after two years, to a woman who thought their evening study unnecessary, tinged their earlier writings with a vein of sadness. In 1850 they visited the poet Whittier, who commemorated that visit by his poem "The Singer." Mary Clemmer, their most faithful friend and biographer, says, "that Alice was shy, loving, full of tenderness, and explains the romance of her life." In 1850 the sisters, with a younger one, settled in New York, hiring two or three modest rooms, and commenced work in earnest. Horace Greeley was first among their callers. Then was written the first of "Clovernook Papers" by Alice. Then followed novels, poems and hymns. Six years after, Alice bought a pretty house, where they spent the remainder of their lives, and drew about them not only the best, but the most genial minds. They met every true woman with tenderness and every man as brother. The most powerful trait in Alice was her passion for justice. The deepest longing of her life was to see human nature lifted from sin to holiness. On Tuesday, Feb. 7, 1870, she wrote her last poem, and five days after, passed from this life. Phœbe followed her the next year. She was called the wittiest woman in America, and was full of loving little ways. She had great faith in the good, and her poems are full of savor and healing.

Miss Cole was next called upon, who read "The Sure Witness;" Miss Hanchett read "Reconciled;" Mrs. Weld "St.

Bernard of Clairvaux ;" Miss Ella Cobb " Cloud Land ;" Miss Norton " The Ferry of Galaway ;" Mrs. Hanchett " A Woman's Conclusion ;" Miss Harding " A Parody on Marriage ;" Mrs. Mason " An Order for a Picture ;" Mrs. Payson " Uncle Joe ;" Mrs. Webster " The Singer ;" — Whittier's tribute to Alice and Phœbe ; Miss Pratt read " April ;" and Miss Minnie Cobb " A Living Presence." In the absence of Miss Karnan, Mrs. Leicester sang " Nearer Home," Mrs. Harding playing the accompaniment. Miss Pratt then remarked that an honorary member had not been heard from, and the evening would not be complete without a word from Mr. Weld. He then replied that he was greatly interested in both the Cary sisters. Alice was gentle and quiet, rather reticent ; Phœbe witty and frank, with a ring in her laugh and a flash in her eye. I saw them first, he said, in their little society, where I was invited to speak, and was much impressed by a face I there saw — so self-poised yet so entirely unpretentious. I received a note inviting me to tea, but was called away from town before the time. Alice had a pleasant kind of wit. There was an *abandon* about her. Horace Greeley was remarkable for always going to sleep in church, and Alice made it a plan to sit by him and keep him spasmodically awake, by touching him when he commenced to nod. I spent, said Mr. Weld, perhaps an hour with them ; and his account was quite entertaining to the listeners, who, perhaps, had seen neither of the sisters nor Mr. Greeley. The length of our article forbids our mention of the many more impromptu speeches, which were rounded out with an elegant collation in the dining room, and the best wishes of the guests for the happiness and tranquility of their host and hostesses.

JUSTICE TO WOMEN.

THE Boston *Transcript*, speaking of noble wives, says that Mr. Seward's fame began to wane after the death of his wife, to whom he owed the vitalizing currents which bore him on. The Vicountess Beaconsfield is dead, and we shall now see how much the extraordinary Disraeli owed to the power behind the throne. How long must it be before great women can bring their powers to bear at first hand? We have had practical evidence that sometimes they bring them to bear with both hands — and most effectively, too.

LIMITATIONS.

CAN the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? was the text chosen by the Rev. Hilary Bygrave. In eloquent words seconded by apt quotations from writers of fame and leaders of modern thought, he depicted the growing tendency of the age to have faith in limitations, and believe that if a man is born a boor or depraved, he must continue so. The effect of scientific research is so strong in this direction that some thinkers dread its effect on human progress and reform.

Even Victor Hugo said, "if you would reform a man you must begin with his grandmother." The thought is a profound one for the consideration of those who are to be the parents of the coming men and women. If a man would raise a fine horse either for speed or strength, he is most careful of his descent and conditions. Or if he would have a fine cow to yield the rich creamy milk, what care and pains are taken. In the raising of the men and women of the future, should there be less

forethought and care? Thus science is handmaid and ally of religion, teaching the noblest heroism and self-denial for the better unfolding and uplifting of humanity.

The inherited tendencies which a man may feel, draw him, as he thinks, irresistibly to the intoxicating cup, but to such he would say, you also inherit a love of music or art, etc. Let that passion have control and "overcome the other with good." Bound and cramped as you may feel by an evil inheritance, it is your duty and privilege to rise into freedom from the low and debased, and to grow into the likeness of the Divine by a manly persistent overcoming; to "move upward, working out the beast, and let the ape and tiger die."

Even our highest ideal, the blessed man Christ Jesus, was so fettered with conditions, that not until thirty years of age could he enter upon the ministry to which he felt called at twelve years of age, but he grew in grace to a moral robustness which it is our blessed privilege to copy.

REV. J. N. PARDEE.

THE text was taken Matt. vii, 29,—“For he taught them as one having authority.” “What was there” he asked, “so remarkable about Jesus that they were filled with awe? He had a new way of putting things, quite different from the teachers of his day. The scribes were the authority of the day, full of mystical lore. Jesus’ method was one of common sense. He taught them nothing new, but by the simplicity of comparison with bird and flower, revealed the other world and resolved religion into very simple principles — ‘love to God and the neighbor.’ The influence of a great prophet moves the people of his time. What he says is subordinate to what he does. If he has accomplished great results, his followers magnify these and him and finally become dog-

matic. The church has lifted what was given as illustration or poetic metaphor into dogma. Science and law are cold, but Christianity holds up a pure ideal. We find none that pervades us with such pure reasonableness. In his own person, Jesus became 'the way, the truth, and the life.' He was practical, saying, "You see for yourselves. Not every one who saith unto me Lord! Lord! but he who doeth the will of the Father is accepted of me."

MARIA MITCHELL,

The Nantucket Astronomer and Professor at Vassar College, was elegantly welcomed and honored at the New England Woman's Club lunch. She is looking well and brave, and her eye's light shines as brilliantly and as strong as though many years of star-gazing might remain to it. Many other honored lights were gathered at the welcome, and spoke their words of appreciation. They were beautifully and wittily introduced by the president, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who also read a fine poem by Miss Alice Blackwell, which elicited much applause. Then followed delightful words from Mrs. Sewall and many others. Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells brought forward a petition asking that a matron be provided at the police station to care for the female criminals brought in, which was quickly filled with signatures.

Ruskin says, "The woman's duty, as a member of the commonwealth, is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the state, even as it is man's to assist in the maintainance, advancing and defence of the state."

THE REV. MR. FLOWER

Discoursed at the Unitarian church. The chapter in Matthew containing the Beattitudes was read for the scripture lesson — "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God," — and

from John i, 18—“No man hath seen God at any time, etc.” were his texts. “Although,” he said, “an apparent contradiction, it is reconcilable. The form of a friend whom we meet is not the real personality, so the spirit we call God is not cognizable to earthly senses. Love and beauty, justice and goodness, are nothing we can limit and see. Matthew Arnold describes God as ‘the power not of ourselves which works for righteousness.’ It is always above and beyond, for ‘Your thoughts are not my thoughts, etc.’ Beasts and birds are individuals, but not persons. Common brotherhood, looking out for number two, instead of selfishness and monopoly, is the only thing to prevent anarchy. We do not see each other, and the Infinite we cannot and never shall see. We conceive of him by our own ideas and according to the highest ideal. To the wise he is goodness and purity; to the hard he is hard. As we grow more and more into his likeness, love springs up. We start from the known to the unknown. The better one understands himself the better can he know the Infinite mind. If you go to Boston and see only its fine buildings and narrow streets, you may come away not in love with it; but if you enter the society of its great and good and beautiful, you know more, and you find we live in what we feel. This great outflowing of creation, which is ever seeking to put itself into expression—this personality has never been seen except in the pure and noble conduct that manifests it. Philip says, ‘Show us the Father. He that hath seen me, the spirit I am of, hath seen the Father.’ Artists sometimes do wonderful work in painting personality. But the grandest glory of man as of God is Love.” There were many nice points and quotations, and the service closed with a fine rendering by the choir of the beautiful hymn:—

“Our blessed Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed
With us to dwell.”

THE LUCY HAYES' TESTIMONIAL.

ONE of the most interesting points in a former convention of women in Boston was the discussion on the matter of presenting Mrs. Hayes of the White House with a testimonial in appreciation of the noble stand she has taken in banishing liquor from State dinners and receptions. Mrs. Livermore introduced the subject and spoke of the courage it required, when, even Secretary Evarts said it would not do, but would give offence to foreign ministers. The reverse has been true. With that tact which is utmost talent, Lady Thornton, wife of the English minister, said, "What an exquisite flavor of refinement Mrs. Hayes brings to the White House, by banishing wine from the State dinners." The proposed testimonial is to be a fine, life-sized painting of Mrs. Hayes for the White House. Senator Edmunds said in reply to the question, whether it could be a permanency, that it would not be possible for any incumbent of the White House to remove such a picture of Mrs. Hayes, so beloved and honored. No, there was no reason in the world why we should not have it done, and he hoped that it would be a perpetual reminder to stimulate women of culture and refinement to follow in her steps.

Mrs. Livermore proposed to raise fifty dollars on the spot in five dollar pledges,—the individuals so doing to receive an engraved copy of the original painting. There was much enthusiasm and over six hundred dollars were pledged on the spot.

MARY F. EASTMAN ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

MR. Theodore D. Weld, in opening the meeting, gracefully alluded to the fact that many years ago, sixty ladies of Hyde Park, went to the polls as a "testimony." One of that number,

he said, was present, and he moved that she be called to the chair. It was seconded and voted upon, and Mrs. Elizabeth G. Stuart gracefully introduced the speaker, who spoke of "Woman's position in the Republic." "Woman," she said, "was a problem. Every factor of society not an integral part of government was an element of weakness. This has been true of the Indian, the Negro, the Chinaman and the Woman. They are still measuring the woman's brain and think she has not got the "legislative faculty," but men vote, down to the vanishing point of intellect. I claim that we come into the body politic because we are people. It is not a question of intelligence or goodness. We are coming into politics with all our imperfections, having been losing the education men have been having through the ballot. Why don't women vote? Do you not remember how you have been telling us your fears and your sneers? Home is sacred if you make it so, and so of government. Ours is a man's government. Men delight in calling women angels and the reserve forces. What is a reserve worth which cannot come up to the battle when needed. Distrust of our government is often expressed by men. Why don't they make it a success? It is a masculine government, and if men manage the house it is not a success. Let us learn to put down both feet instead of hopping on one. The woman of today is doing a world of good, and in simple use of money, is a notable success, perhaps because she has not had enough to run away with. She should be a joint partner. Inequality of conditions causes uneasiness. Men don't intend to be unjust." The speaker gave an amusing account of her attempts to get the dog-tax for a new library by "indirect influence" when a man who did not know a rose-bush from a weed could vote. Woman wants to be an integral part of our country.

REV. MR. NIGHTINGALE.

“The women sang
Between the rougher voices of the men
Like linnets in the pauses of the wind.”

—*Tennyson.*

THE Rev. Mr. Nightingale has supplied the Unitarian pulpit, during the illness of the pastor, with deeply interesting discourses and spiritual ministrations. Towards the close of his last Sunday evening discourse, he alluded to some remarks which Herbert Spencer made while in this country in answer to queries on our success as a nation. He replied that “it is a question of character rather than education. We need to feel the all-conquering power of truth more deeply and earnestly.”

PARLOR LECTURE.

The Rev. Mr. Beach spoke before the Thought Club on Oliver Wendell Holmes, at Mrs. Dempsey's, 123 Fairmount avenue, Thursday evening, April 5th. A large number of members and invited friends were present and enjoyed a pleasant evening, while some who would have been interested were detained by previous engagements at the other entertainments of the evening.

THE THOUGHT CLUB.

Held its first regular meeting, since its change of place, at the residence of Theodore D. Weld, it having been for more than a year enjoying the hospitality of its founder and benefactor, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart. The club, or part of its members, are now giving their attention to a study of English Literature, under the guidance of Mrs. Clarke of Boston, who seems to thoroughly understand the subject. There was a large attendance on Tuesday, it being so warm and spring-like as to tempt many to enjoy the walk and fine weather. At the close of the session the ladies were favored with an introduction to an Indian Princess,

SARAH WINNEMUCCA,

Who is seeking to interest people in the cause of her nation who have a reservation in the western part of Nevada. They have held this reservation, under the care of a number of different agents, who, instead of teaching the Indians the arts of peace—farming or education—just provide themselves pleasant surroundings and are careful not to have the Indians learn too much; so that now, although they can move their lips and sing, they do not know the meaning of the words. She seems to have the kind of love and desire to benefit her people that actuated the great and good Alfred when he studied so hard to lift his people from ignorance and degradation. Her affidavits and papers from General Howard, and others, at Washington speak of her in the highest terms. She seems like a thoroughly sensible woman, inspired with an earnest and unselfish desire to benefit her race.

REV. MR. HUDSON.

“Farewell! ye flowers that bless
The poor man’s drear abode,
Farewell!
And thou, O glorious Rose,
My own sweet bridal Rose,
Farewell!”

—*John Westall.*

REV. Mr. Hudson of Peabody, presented a familiar subject and passage of scripture in quite an original light, but most clearly and convincingly, the topic being, “The Use of Religion or What Shall We Have?” This being the query of the disciples who were wondering what they were to gain by giving up all to follow the Saviour. His reply was, “They shall receive an hundred fold and inherit everlasting life.” The disciples seemed disposed to view the matter in the light of gain or loss, by which it is impossible to estimate

moral and spiritual entities. As one might say, what is the use of flowers, or poetry, or the gratification of the æsthetic part of our nature! Their use is invaluable, although it may still be incalculable. It measures the difference between culture and barbarism. The "hundredfold more" of good which the Saviour said would be theirs, is a possession which become one's own, of value which nothing earthly can destroy, — the soul qualities which are immortal and ever increasing."

ROUSE TO SOME WORK.

"Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an Angel's happiness shall know,
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow."
— *Chicago Weekly Magazine.*

FROM the same source we gather a few thoughts. What then is the impelling power that causes an educated womanhood everywhere so seek for more opportunities for the expression of educated faculties and for a greater share in the true work of the world? Why are women organizing in every little town and hamlet the clubs for social, literary and benevolent purposes? Why are they interesting themselves in school systems and benevolent institutions and asking that their work and influence may be utilized in the boards that control these institutions? Why are they? Why indeed are they declaring that they want a voice in the choosing of law-makers, and also that women should have a share in administering the government.

It is because they feel the impelling power of that immutable of nature which demands scope. Rewarding activity is the only law of content; it is the only condition in which is possible true repose of the spirit.

CARLYLE SAID

"There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work.

The whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work." Even Carlyle failed to recognize the fact that this grand, fundamental truth applied to women as well as men. Witness the unhappiness and discontent of Mrs. Carlyle. This is the truth that society is just waking up to perceive, and whose manifestations are so perplexing to thousands of good people. Men are so apt in the pressure of business and their own affairs to forget women. They say in a kind of a general way, "Oh, we don't want women to work. We will give them every thing they want if they will only not be too progressive and strong-minded." They then go off to their daily occupations and engage in them with the zest that comes from remunerative work, and their educated daughters seek in vain for some mode of satisfactory expression for their cultivated faculties in the home. While so many avenues are opening for women's industry we cannot help believing that they may find some helpful and remunerative work, if that be the desire, for the time not necessarily employed in that most womanly and congenial work — that of *home making*.

SCHOOL SUFFRAGE.

The women of Boston are waking up on the subject of school suffrage, and the Meionaon was well filled on last Saturday afternoon with women who responded to the call, to consider the attending dangers threatening our public schools. Rev. Ada C. Bowles, of Abington, said that women already have the right to a partial use of the ballot, and it was in their power to make their influence felt. Dr. Mary Safford thought there ought to be more moral instruction in the schools. Mrs. E. L. McLaughlin acknowledged her mistake that through motives of delicacy she had abstained from the use of the ballot, but said, that she now felt that the time had come for practical work to begin. And she seriously urged the use of the ballot-box in securing wise and good school officials. Mrs. A. J. Gordon instructed the ladies on the necessary steps of applying to the assessors previously to September.

AN EVENING WITH BROWNING.

"After Adam work was curse;
The natural creature labors, sweats, and frets.
But after Christ, work, turns to privilege."

— *E. B. Browning.*



THE THOUGHT CLUB held "an evening with Browning" on Tuesday, at the house of Mrs. Payson, Fairmount, whose doors have opened so freely of late to intellectual reunions. All the members, with one or two exceptions, were present and Mr. Weld, an honorary member, was invited to call the meeting to order and speak of "The Poets." He declared that he knew next to nothing of the Brownings, except that they were both metaphysicians and well matched. It seemed to him that she is a master of thought and of words. He declined reading the poem of hers which was most familiar to him, in favor of Miss Karnan, who had made the same selection, and who then read very sweetly and feelingly the touching poem, "Mother and Poet," written after the news from Gaeta, 1861. Mrs. Hanchett read from "Aurora Leigh," the quaint but admirable picture of Aurora's aunt — "She stood straight and calm. Her somewhat narrow forehead braided tight, as if for taming thoughts." Mrs. E. H. Webster read a quotation from Mrs. Browning's "Drama of Life," commencing with:—

"Henceforward, woman, rise
To thy peculiar and blest altitudes."

Miss Harding rendered very finely some selections from "The Wedding Feast." Mrs. Weld read sweetly from the "The Dance," Miss Minnie Cobb gave delightfully "The Child's Thought of God," Mrs. Payson most finely rendered the beautiful poem of Mrs. Browning, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," reading most touchingly the closing verse:—

“ And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier you come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all
Say, ‘ Not a tear must on her fall ’—
‘ He giveth his beloved sleep. ’ ”

Mrs. Stone read from “Catarina to Camoens.” Miss Ella Cobb gave “A man’s Requirements,” which occasioned much amusement. Miss Cole read some fine extracts from a memorial of Mrs. Browning by Theodore Tilton. It said she passed away after only six days’ illness. She saw the heavenly glory and exclaimed, “It is beautiful!” and died. What she wrote of Cowper is also true of her. Not a nobler heart ever beat in a human bosom. Every succeeding book of hers showed an increase of power. True poets are knights-errant of the poor. The love of a great soul makes one stronger, and she saw visions and dreamed dreams full of comfort and inspiration. She conquered one with her loving heart. First out of sorrow and then out of love she grew. Miss Hanchett gave “The Swan’s Nest” and Miss Pratt read “Crowned and Wedded,” the beautiful poem for Victoria the Queen, where occurs this couplet in her address to Prince Albert :

“ Esteem that wedded hand less dear for scepter than for ring,
And hold her uncrowned womanhood to be the royal thing.”

Mr. Huxtable, who, with his wife, were among the invited guests, was urged to speak, and, professing his ignorance of Mrs. Browning, expressed his gratification at having gained an insight into her character through the selections to which he had listened. He amusingly referred to the name of our club, which at first had bewildered him but he thought in this materialistic age we cannot spend too much thought on the poetry which is elevating and inspiring. Mr. Stuart Weld then alluded to a sentiment by Mrs. Browning, which was underneath an engraving of Napoleon, viz., “The praise of

nations ready to fall, rest upon him." He spoke of how this prophecy of hers was fulfilled in the funeral services which were held in all the churches of Roumania, which had become a united kingdom instead of two principalities, and had abolished serfdom and other evils, after or in consequence of the Crimean war.

The members and their guests then retired to the dining room, where a bountiful collation was provided, and the remainder of the evening was passed in discussing its merits, and in the enjoyment of the feast of reason and the flow of soul. The hostess and other ladies who took upon themselves the labor of entertaining, as well as all who contributed to the enjoyment of the occasion, have the satisfaction of realizing in the first club tea a pleasant success.

REV. O. P. GIFFORD,

In a late meeting, recited some of those beautiful lines of Browning's "Mother and Poet." He said, "What matter is it to the bereft of their beautiful boys, though conquering, if they 'have but their dead?' The home is the strength of the country, if pure and clean and sweet. Nothing is so degrading and debauching to a community as an open saloon. 'The woman who rocks the cradle rules the world!' No, she only rules the boy for a few years. When he outgrows the cradle he wants to do as father does, and he sees the boys and men in saloons, and father votes for license; and so the mother's work is undone."

LECTURE BY REV. MINOT SAVAGE.

A reply to the query, "What we have a right to demand the world shall do for us; or, shall we feel that it owes us a living

and all that is required for comfort and content." Emerson says, "Good bye, proud world, I'm going home," but he simply retires to his quiet home. We may have been born ugly or without talent. Shall we become discontented and grumble? No man commits a crime unless a discouraged spirit first takes possession, and then the characteristics of the bandit become developed, as far as may be, within the limitations of the law, through all dishonest and unfair means.

Would we know whether the world does wrong by us, come to the cradle of the little girl. She may be beautiful in face and brain, or may lack all and be an idiot. Who is responsible? Is the world to blame? Some ancestor may be to blame — perhaps the parents — but not the world.

The new comer appears, asking a place. In what way can she obtain what she desires, a house, clothing, and the ten thousand things necessary to her happiness and life? And now comes in just here the inexorable law of supply and demand. I must bring something the world wants, and in consequence get the things I want. I may make a stone wall, but if it is not wanted, my hard work is profitless. So of singing talent; unless I can convince the world I can sing, I cannot demand approval.

The larger part of the evils we endure we can improve. Ill health! who is responsible? People with conscience will yet become so sensitive that they will consider ill health a crime. By our own negligence, stupidity and carelessness, we cause the greater part. What if the engineer did not study the mechanism of his engine, and laid its mistakes to Providence? The most wonderful mechanism on earth most people are utterly ignorant of, daily and hourly abusing it; and the wonder is unspeakable that it keeps so long in order. Ill health is responsible for more unhappiness than anything else. Dyspepsia and gout will spoil the most perfect surroundings.

One source of discontent is in not being quite happy at

others' happiness. We must learn to live for those about us, and be happy because they are happy. The men who have stood for the truth found their happiness in doing for others and forgetting themselves. Like the sun giving out all the time, their life was constant self-surrender. The world is ready to give us everything we are ready to pay for; and it bestows upon us the only thing we have a right to expect, which is *opportunity*: opportunity to build up our own characters, to serve our fellows, and make the world better and fairer and purer.

HAWTHORNE ON WOMEN PREACHERS.

HAWTHORNE was not a theologian, but he was a genius, gifted with what Joseph Cook names the first two tests of truth — Intuition and Insight — beyond almost any man of his day. This is Hawthorne's thought: "Oh, in the better order of things, Heaven grant that the ministry of souls may be left in charge of women! The gates of the Blessed City will be thronged with the multitude that enter in, when that day comes! The task belongs to woman. God meant it for her. He has endowed her with religious sentiment in its utmost depth and purity, refined from that gross, intellectual alloy with which every masculine theologian — save only One, who merely veiled Himself in mortal and masculine shape, but was, in truth, Divine — has been prone to mingle it. — *Oliver Johnson.*"

A TOUCHING ANECDOTE OF VICTOR HUGO.

VICTOR HUGO, when a youth of sixteen years, competed for the prize of the Toulouse Academy, whose poetic contests date from the Fourteenth Century. He won the golden amaranth for an ode entitled "The Virgins of Verdun," and the

golden *fleur-de-lis* for another poem on a designated subject, "The Restoration of the Statue of Henry IV.," which had just been placed on the Point Neuf. This last poem was composed in a single night, and under touching circumstances, writes Barbour in his life of Hugo. Mme. Hugo was confined to her bed with inflammation of the lungs. Her two sons watched by turns. On the eve of the last day on which the poems could be sent to Toulouse, the suffering woman asked Victor, who was seated at her pillow, if he had thought of taking part in the literary tournament. He had been pre-occupied with his mother's illness, and had written nothing upon the allotted subject. When he saw the grief and disappointment of the mother he loved with his whole soul, he resolved to set about the work as soon as she fell asleep. He did so, and, when she awoke the next morning, he offered her his verses, which she read with tears of joy.

REV. CHARLES NOYES.

"WE can do nothing against the truth but for the truth," was the text of a discourse preached by the Rev. Charles Noyes. "All things," he said, "serve the truth." It is served even by the evil. We may exclude the light of truth and say, 'evil be thou my good,' and be guided by the senses instead of the soul. Truth is of God, and the strongest power, and what sustains error for a while is the truth standing with it. When we learn through what crises truth has passed it should convince us that 'what is true will live.' What is truth? Not doctrine, nor creeds, but divine ideas and man must live by them."

"WORK OUT YOUR OWN SALVATION,"

was the subject of the morning discourse. John had long taught repentance and Jesus given his divine teachings of the

pure in heart who should see God and no stir was made, but when he called their learned teachers blind leaders of the blind, and taught that repentance and reconciliation should go before temple service, when he restored sight to the blind and ate with publicans and sinners, then under the plea of the law they were ready to kill him. The gospels are gospels of work. It is a delusion and a snare that our salvation can be worked out by another. All good work is holy. All are called to do the work that lies before them, for it is God that worketh in them. In the estimate of the street it is, how much is a man worth, that measures his success. Do the riches of benefactors prove their success, or the heart that prompted generosity? The virtues that honored the position are the theme. Though apparently a failure to the people of his day, Jesus said he had done the work that was given him to do. All who go a little in advance are styled fanatics. But what has made them so? the indifference of their contemporaries. When all are aroused and become fanatics, the evil is destroyed. Better be fanatics than indifferent. Calmness is good and so is caution, but we want none of these born of stupidity. But to be ones self and nobody else, to watch opportunities and not wait for others. One would think that salvation was an undesired gift instead of a victory.

HOME INFLUENCE.

“One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee—
Shadows passing through the land.”

ON Thursday, June 21st, there was a basket picnic at the residence of S. S. Wilson, Esq., Pine Cliff Cottage, Dedham, by members and friends of the Moral Education Society of Mass. The day was lowry but quite a number assembled and spent a pleasant day in the delightful air from Blue Hills on

one side, and a stretch of woods on the other. Mrs. Caroline M. Severance, the first president of the association, was present with her husband, and full of sense and wit they enlivened the day. Their residence in California, to which they return in September, as well as their active lives in philanthropy, makes their conversation fraught with interest. Among the delightful persons present was a cousin of the poet Whittier, who gave us many interesting little reminiscences of the good Quaker poet, in whom we all claim an interest, and particularly his sister Lizzie whom he so tenderly loved and lost. The scattered groups gathered together at four o'clock and listened to a very thoughtful and interesting paper from Mrs. Caroline Dupee of Dorchester, on "Home Influence." She spoke of the necessity of the union of love and wisdom for a truly happy household, and that good fathers are nearly as essential as good mothers. Everything is daguerreotyped on the child. Macaulay was an example of the effect of early training in a happy home, while Byron never knew what pleasant home influences were, but grew up like a neglected garden. Goethe inherited largely from both father and mother. The paper was followed with a discussion on the subject, opened by Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, the president of the association, and participated in by several of the ladies. Then carriages were taken for home.

FLORAL SUNDAY.

The Unitarian church was beautifully decorated with flowers, and the singing was delightful. "Beside the still waters," was the text of the pastor's remarks. "The demands of work are so great," he said, "that we fail to realize how vast are the silent changes going on in nature — the sun shining with serene impartiality, etc. When the Nazarene said 'the kingdom of heaven is within,' he voiced this idea. Not more is the beacon than the light that giveth light to all the household. Our hearts must be in unison. Cicero said, 'the

music of the spheres may be so loud we cannot hear it. The less God is in the senses the more he is in the soul.' Pythagoras reviewed at night the day's doings. In the deeps of stillness as well as in the action of the open hand and ready feet of helpfulness, is He to be found. The soul needs to use its finer instincts. Let us hold fast the faith of the ages—that God is the source and fountain head of all that is ennobling."

REV. MR. BUCK.

"God is love, saith the Evangel;
And our world of woe and sin
Is made light and happy only
When a love is shining in."

— *Whittier.*

REV. Mr. Buck led the devotions, seeking the aid and inspiration of the Infinite — "Thou who dost manifest thyself in all human heroism and saintliness." The full choir rendered most sweetly and feelingly the Lord's Prayer and other choice pieces and hymns. The text was taken from John x, 9, "I am the door, etc." What is the door by which we are to enter and find pasture? When one has risen to faith and obedience it is an open door. We want some sense of the living soul of God, the eternal I AM. And we understand it through the mysteries voiced to us by the prophets and men of God. The light from within those doors which swing on the hinges of consecration, is perceived by the spirit rather than the understanding. It is by this divine consciousness, when opened in the soul, it may go in and find refreshment and nurture and quickening. To believe that God is in all things is a mental act, but to receive it is a spiritual one giving strength to suffer and be strong. Does God speak in nature? Much more does he manifest himself in the sublime spirit and words

of Jesus Christ and in human acts and words. In the compassionate and kind He is the source. He is the ever present God revealing himself in all heroism of suffering men and women and Christlikeness wherever found.

GEMS FROM SUNDAY SERVICE.

“JESUS” said Rev. John D. Wells “had faith in human nature, and the sure victory of the right; in man’s ability to meet and overcome all evil. Do the good deed and it will cheer and charm the world. Evil is not brave; for a little while it seems so, but essentially it is a coward. It cannot bear the truth. It cannot look up in the light, but it dies and is not. But men have not half faith in this triumphant power. Darkness is chased away by light. The sun is the one everlasting purifier. Live our lives aright and let our light shine. We are cities set on a hill. It is only for us to be the true children of the right; positively on the side of justice and right, and the kingdom of darkness will shrink away from us, and the kingdom of heaven come.”

“THE STUDY OF HISTORY.”

REV. Henry Blanchard on the “Study of History.” Forty years ago the term “Culture” implied the same as science, which has for twenty-five years superseded it. But we need a broader, rather than a narrower word. History, more than any study, is a help to culture. An acquaintance with noble life in the past makes us desire nobler living. This opinion is shared by Dr. Barnes Sears and many educators. Eighteen hundred years before Christ began the only authentic history, and that was confined to the borders of the

Mediterranean Sea. History develops the powers of attention. Margaret Fuller said, "It seemed as though some people never have awakened, so little do they observe." It develops the power of memory in order to hold what we see. All master minds have memory largely developed. Dates, and downright hard work at mastering them, will help develop it immensely.

It also develops the power of judgment. By questions mind is made to think. What was the influence of Moses, the law-giver? of Julius Cæsar, or the Adams of our own country? Newspapers are history, and afford us grand means of knowing the noble minds of the present. Latin, trains most admirably in developing the intellect. Classical scholars show a more critical acumen than others. Interest in human well-being shows that our towns are suffering for the want of trained men — more thoughtful, able men of judgment, capable of thinking strongly, clearly and persistently.

Imagination is in reality the highest faculty of the human mind. Goethe, the poet, discovered that flower and bud are only modifications of the leaf; that the skull is but a modified form of vertebræ and though ridiculed then it was ere long recognized by scientists.

He, only is broad, who honors all men and puts himself in other's points of view. In doing this he sees the solemn facts of life and becomes charitable while he utterly dissents. The mental pictures made upon the mind become almost indelible to the imagination.

History feeds thought. Uncultivated people think that ideas are their own, while the student of history knows that they have been used time and again. If the working man who thinks the city should provide for his wants only knew that the same thing has been acted over and over in the past, but with the same disastrous results he might be warned; and develop his own resources. There is hardly a notion that

has not been in the past. A most helpful book is "Culture and Religion," by Professor Shadd. To information it adds inspiration. Taking the great epochs as we study the record of the past, we think what noble, heroic souls! and regret that our own lives are so little. These leaders will, by the consciousness of what they were and what we are, stimulate us to progress. The times are steadily improving under the infinite power of goodness. History makes men believers, for back of all we see One who ever rules and loves. The splendid clear delivery of the orator made it a rich treat to those so fortunate as to be present.

REV. JOHN D. WELLS.

"The world's great order dawns in sheen
After long darkness rude,
Divinelier imaged, clearer seen,
With happier zeal pursued.—*Matthew Arnold.*

THE Rev. John D. Wells preached at the Unitarian Church last Sunday from the text, "The Spirit giveth life."—2 Cor. iii, 6. He said, "Within the outward form is the essential Christianity, within the church visible which changes, is the church invisible. We wonder why it has not done away with theological wrangling, leading men to dwell more on the ideas which unite them, than those which divide. For centuries and up to this day is Christianity shaking itself clear from the literal. The test of membership in the everlasting church is not belief but life. With some it is difficult to regard as brethren any who differ by a hair's breadth in belief, but just as soon as we see that Christianity is not a creed or belief but life and spirit, the clouds which have hung so long vanish. No longer do we regard humanity as so many differing points, but as one. Living Christianity is one. Boundary lines have no essential existence. The living church counts also its members outside.

It not even begins with Jesus Christ, but dates from the earliest moment when men began to search after God. It identifies itself with unselfish love which no Christian creeds can bound of whatever nation. Nor does it hesitate to acknowledge those outside who seek truth with honest purpose. Everywhere it welcomes its own in spirit more than in external form. This is the view of the future to which the wisest and purest minds are coming. Orthodox divines admit the possibility of an essential Christ for the salvation of those who have not heard of the real Christ. I feel that the children of God are bursting the bonds of creed, of fear, and looking their loving Father in the face. The spirit and character is the inquiry instead of the query, 'are you a Christian?' In quiet homes the seed of that kingdom which grows without observation, have been starting. God has never been defeated successfully, nor his world moved backward. The days in which we live are the most Christian days that ever were. Our very discontent with them is proof of the desire to rise to higher attainment in righteousness. Never did hearts more fully burn to help the fallen and give sight to the blind. Let us take courage, strength and faith, giving ourselves to the leading of the best, the spirit of life, the one pure tribunal. We may well set store by our church, only let us not make the mistake of putting the show for the reality. The spirit that giveth life is the first question to put to our souls. Help us, O our Father, to give ourselves to the life for which we were created, and may we dedicate ourselves from this hour to the service of the spirit."

The evening discourse on the Kingdom of Heaven was pronounced by those who had the privilege of hearing it as superior to that of the morning.

HUNGERING FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

THE Rev. S. C. Beach of Dedham, preached on the fifth chapter of Matthew, sixth verse. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." Righteousness has been misinterpreted to be a certain kind of goodishness. It is too good to be spoiled, for it stands for the very best things. Righteousness, in a man, makes a right-wise man, a straight man. We have a realizing idea of a straight line, and a straight line in morals is righteousness. There are people whose sense of the geometrical is so exact, that they detest the slightest divergence. It is possible to have the moral sense as exact. It ought to be less possible to content oneself in a mental aberration. There are those who would sooner face ruin than take a cent more than their due, as the man who walked miles to return an over paid sum. It was some such act that won the title "honest Abe," for our departed president. They are not over many who would put it to another's account to be paid another day. Righteousness yields to no compromises. A thing is never partly so and partly not so. There is no borderland to truth. What is not truth is false, for there is no middle ground. Whether we are stating facts or a proposition, to come within two twentieths of the truth is not the truth. Exactly as they are or seem to us, is truthfulness. Truth is an absolute straight line. There is a strong bias to receive nothing but what is agreeable, and another to round it off and so give it an air of respectability. Or, suppose one is free to tell the whole truth.

LANGUAGE IS A DIFFICULT INSTRUMENT,

and he is a wise man who tells the exact truth. The law of kindness also runs by a strict rule. There are some so naturally kind that it would lacerate their hearts to think they

had hurt a soul, and others to whom this instinctive sense has not been given, but they have achieved the fact of coming into line. It is easy to be kind when we love to be, or when we have nothing to do, and when it costs us nothing, but different to be unalterably kind under all circumstances. These things indicate how straight are the lines that constitute righteousness. It would be helpful if we could look above us and see the whole ranks who are holding an evidently high standard. Isolated examples we find, and confront ourselves with the inevitable standard. Show me a life in which the moral sense is dim and shadowy and I will show you a life barren and contemptible. There are those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness," whose lives are rich and deep, and they will have that self respect which will sustain them. They may not always win the favor of those about them, but they will have the satisfaction and pleasure of knowing that they are in harmony with the Eternal, and their spiritual hunger will be fed, as the poet has said : —

"The fathers had not all of Thee;
New births are in thy grace.

REV. BROOKE HEREFORD.

IN an excellent and instructive sermon on the bible, Rev. Brooke Hereford says, "The Bible wants not merely reading, but studying. . . . The new heart of this age is no heart of unbelief. It is quick to respond to a grand thought, to a live spiritual impulse. Let a real prophet speak, and his words find a ready echo. But we are too dependent on such impulses and surroundings of the hour. They are ever changing, and so is the religious life that rests on them.

To-day, a man feels ever so good, his faith a bright, happy, reality. To-morrow he may be telling that he 'cannot see that religion amounts to much anyhow.' No! But it would not be so if people kept in true wholesome fellowship with the piety of long past ages. I believe that what is needed most of all is a wholesome, hearty revival of Bible reading and study."

CONSCIENCE

was the subject of Rev. Mr. Rich's discourse, last Sunday, from the text, "That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," John i, 9. After defining conscience he proceeded to speak of its reality. If a man has being and a soul he must have conscience. Every act that sets it at defiance tends to harden and deface its keen sense of right and wrong. The excellence of religion is that it makes conscience an individual thing and fosters the supremacy of its enlightened monitions. Duty becomes a pleasure. The same standard of right, in politics, as in church and the home, would do away with the necessity for civil service reform. When true to conscience the character becomes refined. We call it the divinest faculty, but it is the verdict of the whole. To do the will of God is to know the doctrine. What deeper abyss than a hardened conscience!" The services were held in the vestry, the church being in the midst of the work of putting in the new organ, and the choir lent their efforts to make it a pleasant and inspiring season.

MRS. ANNA GARLIN SPENCER,

the sweet speaker and strong reasoner, preacher and writer, who, it seems, is also a poet, wrote a beautiful song, which the Euterpe Quartette rendered very finely, so much so that one gentleman presented each of the singers with a five-dollar

gold piece after hearing them sing "Street Merchants." After crying, "Everything you wish to buy" she says:—

But one thing sacred have I kept,
 Though many tempters in have stepp'd
 To buy, or steal it if I slept:
 'Tis hard to keep it.
 But, though I want, or starve, or die,
 No one shall ever hear me cry:
 "My truth for sale — who'll buy? who'll buy?"

REV. H. BADGER ON WHAT IS TRUTH.

LAST Sunday's service at the Unitarian was conducted by Rev. Henry C. Badger, of Cambridge, the choir rendering efficient and delightful aid. The texts were from I. Timothy, v. 8. "But if any provide not for his own, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel," and Pilate's question to Jesus, "What is truth?" If he had said God is truth, it would only have been putting the question further back. The denial of the faith in not providing for one's own, means a spiritual provision, a duty awaiting fulfillment as of providing for the incoming people of this most wonderful country. This life is all perfectly filled with illusions; we think it is all there, but it is in the mind. When we think the senses are true we make the great mistake of our lives. The call of every heart for the truth is one that every child can receive better than the most intellectual. Jesus said, "I am the truth: there is a love that has no selfishness, but is pure and faithful; that truth is in me." The graces are formed of truth as well as the virtues. With the most absurd superstitions and creeds we see devout feeling and consecrated purpose, and they are sanctified by their sincerity. The roots of the tree look to the top; their vitality is not in the soil but in the sun. God is that on which we rely and trust; a vanisher of fear, a conqueror of self. The truth of God is one, for God is love. Then was sung the

beautiful hymn "Send down thy truth, O God, thy living love." In the evening the scripture lesson was upon the word Grace, "For by grace are ye saved," which occurs one hundred and fifty-six times in the Bible, with the significance of charity, "Love your enemies; give to every one; do as ye would have others do to you, for if ye love them which love you what grace is there in that act? Sinners do that; but love your enemies, be kind to the evil and unthankful. The original language bears this interpretation. The choir then sang,

"Bring thy heavenly kingdom near,
Be thou all our hearts desire."

The speaker said it appeared to him that the reform of the reformation is to recover words that have been degraded in their meaning — "Salvation by grace." We do believe in salvation, for it is something we all need and want, a security against all perils, a thing of to-day, a security because of proper conditions. Spiritual wealth, on what does it rest? We are getting to have a perfect faith that, although the whole should go to decay, we are in the hands of One who can take care of it all. Though some in their limitations of faith may say as they look up, "I do not know you," the answer seems to come back. "I know you don't, but I bless you." As Sojourner Truth said, "when she gave up the conception of the old man in the clouds, she saw, as it were, a great ocean of truth and we the little fishes in it." We have mental pictures and idols which are only images to be destroyed. The thought is, that we should be afraid, not of the malady of sin, but of the remedy. and that by some favor or lobbying we can gain what others are not to have. But the idea of grace is best conveyed by the yearning of the mother heart in infinite solicitude and care, shining with a fostering power and winning tenderness. The response to this is our safety. Grace means salvation, and man's grace is the responding

glow, the burning affection and exchange with the divine lovingness. It is a gift, and not a reward. In this confidence, when asked is life worth living? we ask, is yours? is Jesus Christ's? We must take it home and make it so. "Know my soul thy full salvation" was then sung. "The Lost Chord" was finely sung by Mrs. Cooper before the service.

WOMEN AND SCHOOL SUFFRAGE.

Thirteen votes were cast by them. A number refrained from voting because there seemed to be no point of sufficient importance, no woman candidate being presented. The W. C. T. Union were busy all day with their "no" ballots, and hot coffee for the boys who needed it. A few songs in the afternoon was all the service they attended at their headquarters.

THE THOUGHT CLUB

passed a charming season of study Tuesday afternoon, at the home of the president. Miss Ella Cobb gave an interesting report of the last meeting. Mrs. Hanchett read extracts from Parton's graphic "Life of Joan of Arc," and Mrs. Webster read extracts from "James," showing that Joan's earnest desire after the siege of Orleans and the coronation of Charles, was to return to her simple home and dress, but that her wishes were overruled by him who proved so ungrateful in her calamities. Miss Teele read a grand, noble tribute by DeQuincy. Miss Pratt and Mrs. Payson gave delightful testimonials from other authorities, and an interesting discussion closed the hour.

TALLEYRAND AND ELIZBETH C. STANTON.

"Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drops in the well."

THE VOTING WOMEN

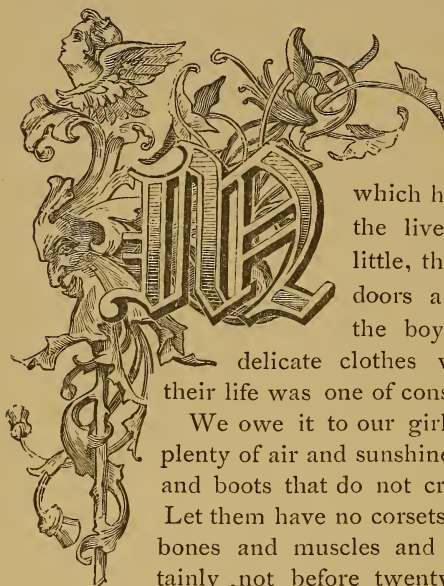
Have some of the best and strongest authority in the world to

encourage them in their comparatively new and singular undertaking. Talleyrand says, "To see one-half of the human race excluded by the other half from all participation in government is an anomaly which, according to abstract principles of right, it is impossible to explain."

MRS. ELIZABETH C. STANTON,

Speaking in Washington at a recent meeting, is described as venerable in appearance and sweet as a rose. Motherhood she glorified as the divinest function. Man might more reasonably be considered possessed of disabilities, because he never can become a mother. "At another time" she said, "it is with infinite sorrow that I see earnest women wasting so much enthusiasm on intemperance, polygamy, prostitution, — all outgrowths of woman's degradation, — instead of utterly and completely repudiating the idea of her divinely ordained subjection wherever they find it, whether in state or church, in codes or canons, in statutes or scriptures. If one generation of women would take the initiative in active crusade against the monstrous ideas that woman was an after-thought in the creation, the author of sin, made especially for man's pleasure and convenience, her sex a crime, marriage for her a condition of slavery, and maternity a curse, and demand of the state and church an expurgated edition of Blackstone and the Bible, placing the mother of the race on an even platform, at least, with her sons, polygamy, prostitution and intemperance would soon receive their death blow. When government refuses to enfranchise women they degrade those who are their peers in knowledge and understanding, infinitely more than do the Mormon apostles, the ignorant type of womanhood they import from the old world. The basic idea is the same in both cases.

MRS. LIVERMORE ON OUR GIRLS.



HAT shall we do with our girls? She alluded to the disabilities

which have always embarrassed the lives of the girls. When little, they could not be out of doors and play and romp as the boys could, because their

delicate clothes would be spoiled and their life was one of constraint and limitations.

We owe it to our girls that they shall have plenty of air and sunshine, good warm clothing, and boots that do not cramp their tender feet. Let them have no corsets to squeeze their pliable bones and muscles and internal organs; certainly not before twenty-five. When through with school they should have some occupation just as really as the boys, and not be expected to sit aimlessly and indolently in their bark waiting for the coming man to bring them home and happiness. But they should be possessed of energy and skill enough to manage their own bark and should another come along to share with them the voyage of life, they would be but the happier and more successful for the mutual helpfulness, particularly if accident or disease or death should afflict them.

We cannot do justice to her clear, impassioned words, so full of good sense and lively sallies of wit, and occasional bursts of eloquence. When alluding to her work in the sani-

tary commission she gave us a picture thrillingly fearful and tragical. Here they were ministered to by such women as she with heroic heart and purpose and a loyalty the most profound, and now this same country after giving the ballot to the slaves for whom these battles were fought, waits and hesitates and deliberates whether it will do, to give these women the franchise. But she did not say this, only we thought it while listening, and how hard it must feel to her noble, queenly spirit to keep knocking so many years at barred doors.

But her great motherly heart was telling us this story of the soldiers for its moral. For she said, "Let us not do so with our girls; let us not send them out into the great battlefield of life with no better preparation; relying on a father's or a brother's or even a husband's care, but let them be secured the helps of good health, good education, and good morals to make them invincible in the warfare which awaits them."

AN EVENING WITH WORDSWORTH.

Mrs. Payson provided her friends with another delightful entertainment. Henry N. Hudson, L. L. D.,* gave a talk on Wordsworth in his own racy and inimitable style. Evidently a great admirer of this poet, he calls him the great philosophical poet. "You have got tired," he said, "of hearing him called the poet of nature, but there is no great poet without he sees the intimate connection between internal and external nature. Nature is the pulsation of the life of God from which we draw life and force.

WHAT IS THE USE OF POETRY?

To amuse? Truth and wisdom are not the things to amuse the trifling mind. In the olden times, poets were seers and prophets and were in communion with the angels, and the Divine voice was in their words. They carried themselves accord-

* Since deceased.

ingly. Poetry is the profoundest of all writing, and you may not separate it from the moral. How can poetry live out of the sunshine of moral beauty? "Lalla Rooke" is a very dressy poem! Style is not a substitute for thought, only a sort of musical embroidery.

A great composer begins with a thought and then expresses it in language. Shakespeare had thought, and that is the reason that no plagiarist could move him from his anchorage.

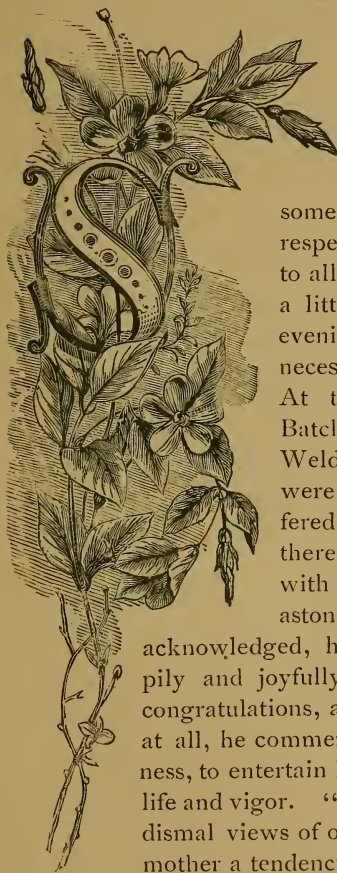
ODE TO BEAUTY.

He also went to the Elysian fields of description and read several of Wordsworth's sonnets, of which he wrote five hundred. These were steeping the soul full of spiritual beauty. "Men who have lived pure and benevolent lives become beautiful in the face," said the speaker.

At the close of his remarks, Gen. Carrington, Prof. Buckler, Prof. Raymond and Prof. Churchill, all made interesting remarks, assigning the poet the place next to Shakespeare and Milton, which Arnold accorded him.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

SAYS, "two elements are needed to exalt politics from the low level at which they now exist — the influence of women and of a faithful pulpit." Lord Brougham says, "If there is any weapon once taken from the armory which will make victory certain, it will be, as it has been in art, civilization, literature and science, — summoning women into the political arena;" and Benjamin Franklin said, "They who have no voice nor vote in the electing of representatives do not enjoy liberty, but are absolutely enslaved to those who have votes, and to their representatives;" and Gail Hamilton wittily says, "If men are so bad that they cannot be trusted to vote *with* women, is it beyond question that they ought to be trusted to vote *for* women?" "The nineteenth century is to be the woman's century," said Victor Hugo.

TESTIMONIAL TO THEODORE D. WELD ON
ENTERING HIS EIGHTIETH YEAR.

OME of the friends of Mr. Weld, hearing that it was the anniversary of his eightieth birthday, earnestly desired to give him some little testimonial of their love and respect, and as they knew his aversion to all fuss and parade, they contrived a little surprise. Occurring on the evening of the singing school, it must necessarily be late in the evening. At the close of the lesson, Prof. Batchellor told them it was Mr. Weld's birthday, and three cheers were given and an escort home proffered him. But when, on reaching there, he found the large parlor filled with guests, and light and flowers, his astonishment was great, and, as he

acknowledged, his surprise complete. He happily and joyfully greeted all and accepted their congratulations, and, ere he had taken time to rest at all, he commenced with his well-known readiness, to entertain his guests with his secret for long life and vigor. "When young," he said, "he had dismal views of old age. He inherited from his mother a tendency to dyspepsia, and suffered fearfully from it, being obliged to give up his dreams of education in consequence, though his life was saved by his strict

abstinence, eating to this time only two meals a day, and of the simplest food, largely mush of grain — oat, wheat or indian — and practising vigorous manipulations of the muscles every day. He had never fired his blood with spirituous liquors nor poisoned it with narcotics. The anti-slavery struggle called forth his energies, and he spoke to out-of-door groups and in the midst of howling mobs until his voice was ruined, and for thirty-five years he could do no public work as a speaker. He then thought he might write and perhaps deliver some lectures, and has continued this work as a teacher to this time.”

The late Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., replied in a happy speech, saying, “We knew it would not be acceptable to him for us to bring offerings, but there was *one* thing we all had brought — the love of warm and glowing hearts, and prayers that his life might long be spared, for indeed we could not do without him.” The little grandson was then brought in and rested in his dear grandfather’s arms, but with rather an astonished air at the unusual surroundings. Mrs. E. H. Webster was then called upon and read the following tribute, which Mr. Weld humbly disclaimed being worthy of, but which those who have lived to her age know is only too true of him and his noble companions who have left him so nearly alone :

To Theodore D. Weld on entering his 80th year,—Father and veteran in the noble cause of truth, we greet thee and give thee honor on this thy anniversary day. For unto Liberty’s cause thy heart and hand have ever faithful been, and ever have the oppressed found thee their champion and friend. The whilom slave can little know the debt he owes thy dauntless bravery and thy matchless tongue, nor how at freedom’s call thy all was freely given. Each good cause as it dawned in cool unknown contempt found thee a champion brave and true, fearless alike of man or wrong, or aught save truth’s neglect. The winter’s chill but nerved thee to the harder task. The

summer's heat but gave thy heart a warmer glow to do thy duty faithfully to man and ready earth. Thy lore has taught the simplest and the most profound. Thy love has charmed the infant and the needy souls who thought that life was drear. Thy cheerful, buoyant heart shamed many a faltering soul to deeds of noble daring; and showed how, like the ripening of the noblest fruitage, a soul may grow radiant and immortal in the divinely sweet compassion that feels each human grief and makes a Christ of those so near akin and human.

Rev. Mr. Rich then read some appreciative lines in verse as follows:—

Hail noble soul, true Israelite of old
 Whose gentle nature with thy years unfold,
 In whose great Wisdom, but no guile is found,
 Whose life with golden sheaves of love is crowned,
 A lion's courage with a woman's heart,
 By love to conquer in thy matchless art;
 Thy spirit broad and open as the day,
 Evil before thee slinks in shame away.
 Thou dost not live for self—thy wealth of thought
 Has been in deeds of living mercy wrought.
 Thy love has been as large as humankind,
 All bonds to break, all burdens to unbind;
 All sin and wrong to wipe away from earth,
 And fill the world with goodness, truth and worth.

Thy prayer has been, "Come kingdom of our God."
 E'en when thy self was passing 'neath the rod;
 And shadows, deep and dark, have hung above
 Thy head, but broken all, we trust, in love.
 O, hoary seer, royal saint and sage,
 Thy flowing locks bespeak a ripened age:
 But with thy years, fourscore, save one, to-night
 Youth walks erect with face toward the light.
 Heaven bless thee, standing on the border land,
 Protect, and lengthen out life's fleeting sand;
 And when thy holy work on earth is o'er
 May angels guide thee to the nearing shore!

Meanwhile some of the neighboring ladies—Mrs. Minnie Cobb, Mrs. Dempsey, and Mrs. Leicester, assisted by Mr. Mandell, Miss Addie Teele and others—appeared with ice-

cream and cake so tempting and delicate as to make it nearly a union festival, despite sanitary obligations or resolves. The heartiest good feeling and enjoyment pervaded the large company (nearly one hundred), and when the lateness of the hour reminded of home, a group gathered around Professor Batchelor and all sung "Auld Lang Syne" and departed with pleasant adieus and best wishes for health and long life for the none too much honored Christian Philanthropist, and for the dear grandchild who makes a no more beautiful picture with its charming parents than it does in the arms of the white-haired sage of Hyde Park.

SHALL WOMEN HELP?

"For truth must live with truth,
Self sacrifice must seek its great allies;
Good must find good by gravitation sure,
And love with love endure."

—*John G. Whittier.*

ANNA E. DICKENSON, in a forcible article entitled "Shall Women Help?" says, that selfishness is not loveliness, weakness is not tenderness. As woman's life broadens and deepens; as her thought and care and responsibility widen, so does her capacity for love; her strength of love broadens and deepens, grows in richness and beauty and power. As women love humanity more, they will give better love to the men by their sides. I ask, she says, such work for woman, not alone for herself, but quite as earnestly for the sake of the man who works and walks by her side.

"Beware," said Margaret Fuller, "of the mediocrity that threatens middle age." And Lillian Whiting truly says, "It is mediocrity that threatens *any age*, and is the inevitable destroyer of the lives that are not a positive *growth*."

In a letter to Miss Annie Whitney, written in 1879, Lydia Maria Child said, "It is wonderful how one mortal may effect the destiny of a multitude. I remember distinctly the first time I ever saw

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

I little thought then that the pattern of my life-web would be changed by that introduction. I was then all absorbed in poetry and painting, soaring aloft on Psyche-wings into the etherial wings of mysticism. He got hold of the strings of my conscience and pulled me into reforms. It is of no use to imagine what I might have been if I had never met him. Old dreams vanished, and all things became new. But the new surroundings were all alive, and they brought a moral discipline worth ten times the sacrifice. How the same circumstances changed the whole coloring of life for Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips. The hour of national expiation had come and men and women must needs obey the summons." In a later letter she says,—“I have always resisted the idea of caucuses dictating to individuals how they shall vote. It is utterly subversive of Republicanism, and would make an oligarchy of the government.”

HAWTHORNE AND MARGARET FULLER.

It seems strange that at this day, when we would think that Margaret Fuller's greatness was "as undenied as the beauty of a star," any one should appear with a heart to wrong her memory. Truth, of course, should stand, but through all these years since her active life, how many have risen up to call her worthy, if not blessed! What a host! And now one voice is raised to say that she had a "strong, heavy, unpliable, and in many respects, evil nature, which she adorned with a mosaic of admirable qualities, such as she chose to possess,

putting in here a splendid talent and there a moral excellence, and polishing each separate piece and the whole together, till it seemed to shine afar and dazzle all who saw it." Is not the accomplishment of such an infinite labor as this, something grand and heroic, rather than proof of her being a "humbug?" It is commonly accorded to manhood as a high degree of nobility when it can rise superior to the conditions of birth and inheritance and become great and good — "selfmade" man. But he says, "she took credit to herself for having been her own redeemer—and indeed she was a work of art than any of Mozier's statues." Is it then ignoble and false to be an artist and accomplish so great a piece of work as a comparatively faultless character? Are we not commanded "to work out our own salvation?" and who should do it if not ourselves? But the wonder is where she obtained this rough, strong nature, when her father was a gentleman lawyer and her mother is described by those who knew her, as a "flower."

T. W. Higginson, in his article on "Wedded Isolation," which Julian Hawthorne is pleased to say, "has a sadly perfunctory tone about it," explains why, "the elder Hawthorne and wife no better understood Margaret. They were in no sense reformers, and their mutual absorption did nothing to overcome this tendency." The minds that could deride the enthusiasm of Garrison or Emerson, and call Theodore Parker, — that most laboriously conscientious of men, — "unscrupulous," could easily call so incomprehensible an individuality as Margaret Fuller, a "humbug." But Rev. James Freeman Clarke, in his noble defence of Margaret, besides giving abundant testimonials, as one would think, of her "deep integrity and purity," writes that an intimate friend of Hawthorne says that "He wrote in his note book all sorts of hints and suggestions as they occurred to him, as the ground for future imaginative characters. These notes were not his final judgment on persons, and were the last things he, himself, would

ever have thought of printing." Hawthorne said in these notes that "she was a person anxious to try all things," but on what height has he placed her himself, when by marrying an Italian Count, who was an appreciative companion, if not her equal intellectually, he speaks of her as fallen, a total collapse? Peace to the ashes of the dead unless they be stirred to better purpose than this!

THE THOUGHT CLUB

met by invitation of Mrs. Hanchett, at her house on River street, last Saturday evening, to view Saturn's rings, the star clusters etc., then visible. They were rewarded with a charming view of the noble planet and its rings, etc. Mr. Hanchett seems profoundly interested in the natural sciences, and has before this given the club a delightful evening with his microscope, but the telescope view was a loss to those of us not there.

THE REV. H. BERNARD CARPENTER

Delivered a lecture before the "Hyde Park Thought Club," upon "Edmund Spenser," which was of exceeding interest throughout. The object of the lecture was purely benevolent on the part of Mr. Carpenter, being mainly for the purpose of valuable suggestion from his large experience in the best method of eliciting thought and encouraging study in literary clubs. "It is," said he, "after the mighty deep has been lashed to a tempest and is subsiding from her paroxysms of pain that her richest treasures are thrown upon the shore. It is in this hour that men come down to gather in the spoils. It is so in the history of a great nation, when mighty and opposing currents of thought sweep like a tidal wave, rousing humanity to action. It is in this hour that some man arises who embodies all the characteristics of his time and nation, whose work serves as a

keynote or landmark in the language and events of his period, which comes down to posterity as the pearl of great price thrown up by the tempest. To study a poet intelligently, it is necessary to note well the period in which he lived, the events which developed the man.

Edmund Spenser, born in the middle of the sixteenth century, when Protestantism had no corner in all Europe save England; when as a youth he could, from his home in East Smithfield, see the smoke ascending from the burning martyrs on Tower Hill; each event of that thrilling period, from the burning of the martyrs to the crowning of the young Queen Elizabeth, seems to have touched and impressed the poet." Mr. Carpenter then spoke of his college life at Cambridge, his association with Sir Philip Sydney, Sir Walter Raleigh, and his breaking away from the literary slavery of Gabriel Hardant; his impassioned appeal for the possibilities of the English language, the scorn and ridicule which he encountered, being looked upon in his day as an innovator, but steadily weaving a web from those great forces for the sublime production of the "Fairie Queene." After leading his audience in the most instructive manner to the poem itself, he said, the "Fairie Queene" was the result of a time when three great forces were at work — religion, learning and art, — the Deity in Spenser's day being a sublime conception, and the religion of a period is always to be looked upon as a powerful factor in its literature.

To accompany the "Fairie Queene" is to be led through some dimly-lighted gallery of mediæval art, where, as if by Oriental magic, the beauty of every virtue is spread out before us, and we see in dim perspective the possibilities which lift man to the gods, the conception throughout the entire poem being of the most exalted purity. Speaking more critically of the poem as a work of art, he said that Spenser endeavored to combine the work of both Pope and Milton in his effort of the

“Fairie Queene,” and in this respect he had failed. But were it not for its severely moral tone throughout, the “Fairie Queene” would be the great epic poem in the English tongue.

REV. ADA C. BOWLES.

Come bring thy gift. If blessings were as slow
As men's returns, what would become of fools?
What hast thou there? a heart? but is it true?
Search well and see; for hearts have many holes.
Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow;
In Christ two natures met to be thy cure.

— *George Herbert.*

This gifted teacher and lecturer, whose present home is in Abington, spent a few hours in Hyde Park with a former schoolmate, Mrs. E. D. Swallow. Through their courtesy, some friends were granted the privilege of hearing this earnest and true woman on some of the live topics of the day. She has felt that the pittance of school suffrage was so very small, after subjecting woman to all the disagreeables of publicity and annoyances from which she shrinks, that she has hardly cared to accept it; but she thinks it best to accept it, and made a good point. She says, “a woman loses her pocket-book and a man picks it up, and when asked to return it, says she must identify it, which she does to his satisfaction, when he says she may have five dollars of its contents. Sixty-five thousand women have asked for the franchise, and the answer is, ‘What will you do with it?’ Yes, it is your right, but we don’t know how it will work; so we will give you a small part of it?” Is not this, as with the pocket-book, an impertinence?

CHRISTMAS CHIMES

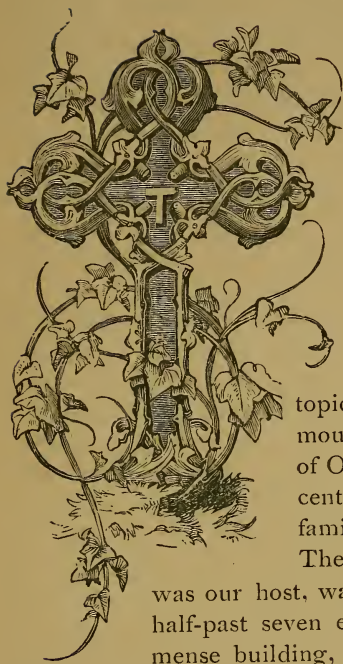
are in the air, and how often are they to find a response in the heart and harmony with those of the One for whose sake they are pealed? We make lovely gifts for those whose homes are already full of beauty. We give charming, quaint and beautiful reminders of the love we feel for those whose artist natures

revel in such things; and nothing can be more beautiful than love — love of our kind in whom we see dawnings of the sweet gracious spirit which made the lovely babe of Nazareth grow in favor with God and man; but the Christ we revere, what did he? “He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men,” gifts of love and strength, and healing to those who needed consolation. Like him we may yet find captives, whose chairs of ignorance and sensuality still bind them with cords some such loving heart can sever. Shall we leave them in their loneliness, and of those suffering little ones whom he said we have always with us, but of whom he also said, “Whatsoever is done to the least of these is done unto me?” Or, shall we do with our might whatsoever our hands find to do?

REV. CHARLES NOYES OF CLINTON,

preached at the Unitarian church last Sunday, from the text, St. Mark iv, 28, — “First the blade, then the ear; after that the full corn in the ear.” “Christianity,” said the speaker, “is a fact in nature, and Jesus Christ its great interpreter — so clear, so full, that it takes us to its heart. If we seek, we can easily understand what is so much in harmony with reason and natural sequence. With some people mystery is an attraction, as a notable man said he believed in the Trinity because it was impossible. Nowhere is God’s spirit so fully seen as in the hearts of his children. If opposed to nature, man has no means of knowing whether religion is true or false. If the trust of infinite love is taken from it, the truth has been conceded to mammon. Some fear for religion if any change is made. But the word of Jesus, rather than the creed, must come to the front. The fatherhood of God, his love to the repentant, the truth that as a man soweth so shall he reap, and that the Son can do nothing of himself. Life and immortality have made, not the old time hades, but an even, upward line of progression. “Thus do and thou shalt live” — first the blade, then the ear, and afterward the full ripe corn in the ear.

THE THOUGHT CLUB.



THE second meeting of this Club for the season was held in the parlors of Mrs. Weld on Tuesday last, at 3 P. M. Miss Eva Channing of Jamaica Plain, a relative of the beloved Dr. Channing, read a very interesting paper. In her travels in Europe she had the opportunity of seeing the famous Passion Play, and this she took as her topic. "Away up in the Bavarian mountains is located the little village of Oberammegan. In the seventeenth century, to render scripture pictures familiar, this play was established.

The noble and venerable man who was our host, was the leader of the chorus. At half-past seven early mass is over, and the immense building, holding six thousand, is filling.

It has no stage, but two turrets at the extremes of right and left. At eight o'clock begins the overture, very sweet and solemn. A door opens in the turrets, and an unusually tall and graceful man begins and speaks the prologue. The curtain rises and you see the expulsion of Adam and Eve, and a cross where little children kneel. The chorus of guardian spirits return to the turret. As we gaze down the two distant streets of Jerusalem, we see Jesus riding on an ass, his hair flowing over his mantle, which passes over one shoulder. Then the scene in the temple turning out the money changers; then Joseph and his brethren; Christ at the house of Simon;

The Magdalene is inferior to the mother of Jesus, which is very fine in the representation. The most beautiful tableaux are — the children of Israel gathering the manna ; The last Supper ; Judas and the Disciples ; The garden of Gethsemene and Jesus. It does not seem art, but reality. Christ is led away. After sitting three hours and a half it is quite a relief to repair to our home, and there is the chorus leader, which seems almost sacreligious. At one o'clock all are in their places. The second and every scene has its tableau. Christ is the patient sufferer. We seem to be in the presence of persecuted righteousness. Here it is that Peter denies his master. Pilate is not strong enough to let the guiltless go free, but washes his hands. We pity and mourn for him. The procession advances, with Christ bearing his cross. Now the chorus come in sad garments. The curtain rises and we see Golgotha illumined by an ineffable light. It is all so real that were it not for the sweetness of the Christ, it would be heart-rending. The descent from the cross and preparing the body, all are most vivid. The chorus appears, and at nearly five o'clock we made our way by an unfrequented road overlooking the village. The play commenced as a religious offering, or vow, when the village was afflicted with plague ; and though it was formerly performed yearly, it is now limited to once in ten years. The actors are selected for their moral character, and the representation lasts every Sunday during the summer, and on Monday if too many are present to witness it.

THE TEMPERANCE GROVE MEETING.

Quite a large number gathered in the grove last Sunday afternoon and listened with attention to the exercises, which were opened as usual with singing, reading of the scriptures, and prayer by Mrs. Caller. Bro. Miller was then called upon to make some remarks, which he did very acceptably, giving some statistics which must awaken thought in the minds of philanthropists. In the year 1882, eighty millions of revenue

were derived from the manufacture and sale of fermented liquors! There are 180,000 people directly engaged in the sale of these, besides their assistants. If each one of these should ruin but two men a year, what an amount of injury is done to society! He said he believed in this cause, because we can know that we have the Almighty power behind it. This cause of temperance is the one that lies nearest the heart of God. While drunkenness is disappearing with us, it is on the increase in Boston and drunkards are daily seen on its streets. Let our light shine forth all around us and "then a deed will be done for freedom." Bro. Humphrey rejoiced to again look in the faces of a temperance gathering. When the heart of man touches the heart of man something is the result. Whenever we see a drunkard we want to reclaim him; when we see a dramshop we want to shut it up, and when we see suffering we want to relieve it. How did we go to work in the reform club time? We helped people out of the gutter, and lovingly and earnestly tried to help and encourage them to become better men. I thank God for the examples we have in men reclaimed from the results of intemperance. I think it would be an excellent thing to have meetings in the different churches every Sunday afternoon when these out-door meetings close, and keep up the good work begun. Not say, Lord, Lord! and *do* nothing, but do with our might what ever is needed. Mrs. Caller made a stirring appeal in behalf of this unselfish work of Christian activity, and told of a man who for thirteen years has been a pillar of the church, and who became reformed only after repeated failures, and unwearied loving help from Christian workers.

A RAINY SUNDAY.

Contented to enjoy the grateful showers with which nature was blessing the thirsty land, we failed to respond to the customary impulse to seek the courts of prayer and praise and at night learned that a minister whom we had long known by

repute, but had heard not preached, filled the pulpit at the Unitarian that morning.* He had fulfilled the twofold object of exchange, and made a visit of comfort and sympathy to the afflicted widow of the late Charles Codman of Neponset, whose death was occasioned by the explosion of acid in his store in Boston. Mr. Codman was so excellent and public spirited a man, that his loss was not only a most severe blow to his family, but to the community and especially to women is his loss irreparable, unless, in ways not seen by our blinded eyes, he will still be the champion of the weak, the oppressed and the needy.

Henry Ward Beecher, in his sermon of Sunday last, said, "Christ wrought miracles by laying hands upon natural laws near their source, and so produced results that no man but he could do at that time, although it was possible that men will hereafter acquire such a control over nature as will permit them to do the same things."

MRS. H. B. SHATTUCK.

"Oh, make thou us, through centuries long,
In peace, secure, in justice strong;
And cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!"

MRS. H. B. Shattuck, who has been giving such delightful accounts of the Concord School of Philosophy, has done much to lift from the region of the flippant and ridiculous, the deep and most important themes which have engaged the attention of so many of the noblest and thinking minds. The daughter of the lamented "Warrington" she has proved herself by her industry and understanding, worthy descendent of her gifted ancestry. For her mother has also written a most readable book of "Pen Portraits and Reminiscences," from the life and works of her husband, with a memoir by herself. The dedication is to "*The People*, in whom 'Warrington' believed, and for

*This was the Rev. C. C. Hussey, of Billerica, the long time friend and pastor of ex-Gov. Talbot.

whom he labored," and the introduction by F. B. Sanborn. At his burial, Dr. Bartol, spoke of him as "Prince of Journalists," his constant habit was to show matters of public interest in the light of truth and morality. And Bishop Gilbert Haven said of him, "Few men have ever lived who more completely verified the portrait of the poet's poet, 'dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love.'" Like him, Mrs. S. is deeply interested in the progressive work of the day.

HEALING POWER OF THOUGHT.



rs. Stuart gave an interesting lecture on this subject, Thursday evening, at Knights of Honor Hall, before a very large and intelligent audience. On being introduced very finely by Mr. Washburn, she said, "In present philosophical usage, thought denotes the exercise of the very highest intellectual functions, especially those usually comprehended under judgment and reason. Considered from this point of view, the distinction between thought-power and will-power is at once manifest. Any act of mine which follows directly from some logical or mathematical conclusion is philosophically quite the opposite of the same act flowing from a blind determination or an 'I will.' This troublesome 'I will' ought always to be the servant of Thought, Judgment and Reason, never the master. With

will-power one may control the will-power of another, but never that thought-power by which the other knows that 'every effect must have a cause,' or comprehends any problem in geometry, or astronomy. This distinction between thought-power and will-power cannot be too strongly emphasized. In ethics it is not the results of an act which are judged; it is the thought, the motive back of the act, which is right or wrong, guilty or not guilty. When we remove results we do not in any way change the moral quality of the act, by wiping out effects in morals or disease, the cause is still left in full force. You might as well, by rubbing the surface of a mirror, try to remove the reflection of your face; but it is only the work of an instant, by one step aside, to remove the image.

THE MAGIC LANTERN OF THE MIND.

If mind be the seat of the disease, how is the suffering located in the body? In morals, the wonderful picturing faculty of the mind is in a measure understood; we would as soon give our children poison as allow them to look on impure pictures; yet we do not regard the vast importance of having bright, clean and pure pictures in our minds in place of the dark ones we do not wish there. This magic lantern in the minds of every one of us must, in spite of us, have pictures of some kind to reflect. Our daily newspapers and the general tone of our current literature is not what it ought to be on *this point*. Scandals and criminal proceedings constitute to a perfectly amazing degree our mental atmosphere. The influence of this great picturing power in producing disease is not realized scarcely at all. The body responds to thought. Take for example anger or revenge. How they distort the face, impair the breathing, impede or quicken the circulation, contract the muscles, and go tingling through every nerve and fibre of the body. So, in disease, fear in our own minds or those about us stamps, as it were, an image of some disease upon the body; and the body expresses or reflects this image. When

thought has been turned to this subject and applied in the same proportion to which it has been given to the natural sciences, ethical and social questions, the arts, etc., etc., the physical condition of the race, in a few generations will as far surpass ours as we now surpass the Hottentot or Esquimaux in intellect, morals and religion. In this vast field of work we are in a measure responsible for our own mental pictures as well as those about us.

MARGARET FULLER.



HE Thought Club and invited friends enjoyed, at the residence of Mrs. Stuart, a delightful social talk by Miss Peabody. The venerable lady, whose experience dates back to the commencement of the century, began her conversation, by saying, that at the beginning of the century there was an idea in Boston and vicinity of the claim of women to intellectual development and culture equal to that of men. A paper in which it was said that in this country the interests of art and literature rested on women, because men, as the stay of our nation's life, were necessarily absorbed in politics and the material development of the country. In the first year of the century the first academy for women, which was at Andover, was kept by her own mother, and here in this circle of study and thought the speaker was born. She continued to teach for twenty years and inspire women with a love of learning and of art. And she had acquired her education by her own reading in a family of high culture, and with a large library, amid the sacrifices of her family in the Revolutionary war. She devoted three hours of the day to school and three more to the reading

of the better pieces of English literature. There was great love of reading, and also many remarkable women, in the first quarter of the century. Among them was the gifted wife of John Lowell, whose benevolent ideal for women was partially carried out in the Institute bearing their name and receiving their inheritance. Warren Colburn, if he had gone out of education, would have developed the plan of Froebel and a broad and universal culture. At last the speaker came to Margaret Fuller, an extraordinarily gifted child of Timothy Fuller and the mother whom Margaret afterward characterized as a flower. Her father educated her himself, teaching her to read English in the newspaper and turn it into Latin. She also studied French, so that, when twelve years old, she was exceedingly well read, and, in rather a tasteless way, was forced by her father into the society of Cambridge, all its Professors being invited by a note, in her own name, to a party to celebrate her 12th birthday. This was an unfortunate thing for Margaret's future, because the vanity of her father in showing her off created a prejudice that she could hardly outgrow. She was originally and wonderfully gifted and a certain self-confidence given her which was something more than the desirable self-reliance that is one foundation of noble character and great achievement, and is a very different thing from vanity, though sometimes confounded with it by the uncharitable. She did assert the ideal in asserting her own individuality. She was never petty nor mean; her characteristic thoughts were the desperate throes of the ungrown giant. She grew up and unfolded and went through all the oscillations of a great nature too much in the eyes of the world. Miss Peabody described her first meeting with Margaret, which was while Miss Peabody was teaching in Boston, and at the solicitation of some of the scholars, who induced Margaret to come and see her. The house was thrown open to company, and among them was Dr. Hedge, who had just returned from Germany, and she got from him the idea that

“truth was beauty.” She generally felt that she gave thought, instead of receiving, but she allowed her great debt to Dr. Hedge. Her father, who was always present at her receptions, was a very severe critic, and Margaret would write her reply in the morning. This habit of making herself understood by a mind of such different type was an excellent discipline. When her conversations commenced she would make the most magnificent statements and wish the ladies to prepare themselves to reply. There was thought, but they were not in the habit of expressing themselves. Finally their thoughts ventured out and she would comprehend and receive them so finely that this became her great forte. She has been called sarcastic, but the intellect is naturally sarcastic. Power is naturally generous. “Don’t you think so, Mr. Weld?” the speaker asked, to which that gentleman replied, “Certainly.” If she saw talent in young persons she wanted them to cultivate it. She had respect for the human mind. When we come into the world we demand the universe as in Genesis—to mankind is given the command of the universe.” But Miss Peabody was most intense when speaking of Margaret’s moral and religious development of her last years; of her faithful labors of love in educating her brothers, which she did regularly, having made a bargain with her father that if she would save him this expense he would give her money to go to Europe and finish the grand plan of self-culture she had laid out for herself. But her father died, and the estate could not well be settled in time for her to return with Miss Martineau; and her mother was dismayed, and Margaret’s health also failed. The nobility of her character was shown in bearing so bravely her great grief and disappointment, and devoting herself so unselfishly to assist the family. Mr. Greeley offered her a handsome salary if she would go to New York and write what she pleased, and on any subject. After a while she went to Europe and entered into the spirit of the Italian struggle. She became acquainted

in this way with Ossoli, whom she married from admiration of his great moral grandeur and purity, which she had learned to prefer above mere intellect. The siege of Rome, which soon followed, was the reason why her friends at home knew so little of her new social relations, and the news of their sad death by shipwreck sent a thrill through many an admiring heart. Miss Peabody, who is perfectly inexhaustible in her reminiscences, kept the company to a late hour, and then the subject seemed only begun. She is still a very delightful teacher.

PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR.



On being called upon by President Humphreys and invited to the pulpit, he ascended the pulpit steps, which were all embowered in the most exquisite autumn leaves, and commenced his simple but most eloquent exposition of his faith. His dark, rich complexion, together with his apparently Caucasian physiognomy, rendered him an interesting and attractive man. In calm and deliberate tones he commenced: "The manifestation of wisdom is sweetest in a woman soul. I was told there was plenty of metaphysics and dyspepsia in them, but in these glowing faces I do not see a sign of dyspepsia. I have spoken of late often, I have always tried to learn, and the lady who has preceded me has taught me a useful lesson. We have tried to simplify religion. The hope of the Brama Soma's religion is a simple thing, but here, so many creeds have been poured in, that it has become a difficult thing. We unlettered Easterns mean to contribute to the simplicity, the natural faith, that comes as the rain. This bright, blessed sun, the streams through the meadow, speak to me that I

reflect. We cannot make the light. We depend on an unseen hand. Willingly or rebelliously we have to obey the laws of God. Dependence on a higher law regulates all things. This faith, this trust constitutes the first part of my religion. If you look upon the law trustingly, it becomes providence. The bright sun becomes a disk of glory. There is a God above and around. Beneficence calls forth love. In the mere earthly love-making there is a deeper symbol — that of prayer. Love is the second power and is unconscious, the second principle in our religion. What does the lover do? He adores, he prostrates himself. Loveless worship is like a millstone which sinks the soul in depths of unbelief. Worship is the child of love, so prayer is the daughter of love. Words without thought never go. What does the man who loves his country do? He consecrates himself, and is self-sacrificed. When I worship and adore I will love to serve and become serviceable. The Infinite is not in need of our service, but our fellows are. Men serve with money, men serve with love and charity. The Son of Man had nothing, so gave himself a wealth of spirituality and holiness. My brothers and sisters, let us learn to give ourselves; when the whole is given, worldly resources cannot be withheld. The Man of Sorrows, associating with fishermen, taught the lesson we need to learn. Where muscular Christianity has prostrated us, what remains to us, but to give ourselves, soul and body. You, with your wealth and culture, and we, with our poverty, find in this our consolation and joy."

CARLO BORROMEO THE PHILANTHROPIST.

REV. George Brennan, of Uxbridge, last Sunday evening, delivered in the Unitarian church, an interesting lecture on this famous Italian Saint. The wonderful spirit of humility

and self-renunciation which prompted him, a born prince, to endure such sufferings, privations and toils for the good of others, almost reduced him to penury in his later days. While only a young man, rich and handsome, the pride of a luxurious court, the Pope heaps upon him honors and burdens, which the young man accepts, but instead of mounting a throne he drops on his knees. But he was in earnest. He purged the libraries of immoral books, and but for his lovelier habit of compassion would have become a persecutor. In the heat of summers or rigor of winters his frail form was seen among the lonely passes with his Alpine staff in hand with no sigh of complaint. Like all reformers, he was not popular with those whose sins he rebuked; though first of all he had reformed himself. "He is praised who would beautify a temple but cursed who would beautify men's lives." After incredible labor over fifteen bishoprics and three thousand two hundred clergymen, and heroic work in the plague-stricken city of Milan, he passed away, worshipped as a saint, in his 45th, year.

REV. S. C. BEACH.

"Dreamer waiting for darkness with sorrowful drooping eyes,
Linger not in the valley, bemoaning the day that is done!
Climb the eastern mountains and welcome the rosy skies, —
Never yet was the setting so fair as the rising sun"

— *Edna Dean Proctor.*

REV. S. C. Beach of Dedham, preached last Sunday at the Unitarian Church from the text, Acts xxiii: 11— "Be of good cheer." "Nothing," he said, "hurts us like seeing a child made prematurely old, a being who should be radiant as a sunbeam. A child has a right to be amused. But when no longer a child, to be childish without a child's simplicity is far from desirable. In a world where there are so many duties to

be done and sorrows to be borne, some think it wrong to smile. Let us be just to these, they are not only sincere, but partially right. To fulfill religious responsibility is the most important. The mistake is in taking as a necessity what should be a pleasure. Good humor is not commonly recognized as a virtue, or if so, it is considered as one of the lesser social virtues. This is putting too low a value on it, for in the first place all our enjoyment is in good spirits and heartiness. If a person has lost his good nature he has lost the elixir of life. All things delightful will only leave him in disgust and without the solid enjoyment of the hardest laborer. If he can only learn to enjoy himself he may be happy in any or all conditions. Sweet and sunny souls have been found in wasted bodies and in hearts at peace with themselves. The boy who has been bed ridden fifteen years, and was happy and cheerful, was a constant rebuke to the people who find nothing to their liking. When consoled with the suggestion that 'winter would soon be gone,' he said 'he liked the winter,' and his visitor found he had no need to teach him philosophy. He had a good Methodist aunt, and she said 'Robbie could pray like a trooper.'

'A MERRY HEART

Doeth good like a medicine,' and helps us to endure what we cannot cure. A Minnesota farmer plowed and harrowed and planted and his harvest was an empty formality, but it mattered little to one who cannot lose his good nature. It was his genial philosophy that 'lightning does not strike twice in the same place.' We say of some that they have lost their reason; but they have only lost their spirits. Some sweeten life for others, like perfume from the flowers, refreshing and cheering. We are always wishing we could make everybody happy and distribute the bounteous goods nature scatters. And we may. There are those who diffuse blessings wherever they go, 'virtue goes out from them' as by 'the touch of the hem of their garment.' The little boy on the street with his

package of bills knows not to whom he may offer one, so little is his calling held in repute, but a man comes along and takes the little boy's hand and shakes it with warmth and good nature, and it goes a great way toward cheering the little straggler for subsistence. The wheels are oiled when the house-mother speaks kindly to her helpers, and she has no such power as a cheerful smile. A little child clapping her hands ran to her aunt and said, 'It always makes me a good girl when you laugh.' There are certain momentary rays of good nature, but to have it always on hand will carry us peacefully through life.

HOW IS IT TO BE ACQUIRED?

In the first place we must accept ourselves and not brood over our limitations, but make the best of them, 'Just as I am without one plea,' and come to ourselves. We must learn to put up with other people and never lose our temper. There is nothing but to accept our lot. Half our troubles we make by rebelling against our circumstances. 'This world is not so bad a world as some would seem to make it. * * * * * Depends on how we take it.' In the prison the apostle said that 'the Lord stood by him and said, be of good cheer.' The best philosophy will amount to nothing unless we are resolute in will. Come what may, we must be obstinately good natured. A woman bent on gaining this victory took as her talisman, 'Be genial, be genial!' Nothing can succeed without watchfulness. If the watchman is off his guard the citadel is taken."

The whole discourse was eminently practical and reminds us of a little verse in the *Union Signal*:—

"Put down the brakes!
No matter how well the track is laid,
No matter how strong the engine is made,
When you find it running on a downward grade
Put down the brakes!"

REV. JAMES HUXTABLE.

“ We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breath,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count life by heart throbs — he most lives
Who thinks most — feels the noblest — acts the best.”

— *Festus*.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

THE closing session, before the summer vacation, was held last Sabbath, at the Unitarian. The Rev. James Huxtable discoursed from the text in John v, 8. Jesus saith unto him, “ Rise, take up thy bed and walk.” “ Most,” he said, “ have read this story of a man sitting by the side of a spring to whose waters were ascribed some supernatural cure, as by angels troubling the waters. Jesus saw this man, who for thirty-eight years had been infirm, and asked him if he would like to be made whole. He answered that, ‘ he had no man to put him into the pool when the waters were troubled.’ Then, Jesus said ‘ Rise take up thy bed and walk.’ Where can you look that you do not find men waiting for something holding some power to lift them up, by which all the troublesome problems will be solved and the terrible penalties of sin swept away? So there are thousands waiting for some opportune time of ‘ getting religion,’ from the provided pools of Bethesda, where they may receive its benefits. A tendency to discover the idea of self-help is ignored in the theme that ‘ Jesus does it all.’ Self help is subverted in social life. The capital for success is money. The father feels that his boy must not dig and delve as he has done, and this incapacitates him for success. If such an one should make a man, credit should be given to him. True, as long as suffering and ignorance continue, there will be need of the sweet love of Jesus. I know not how much was real in the sickness of this man, but as philanthropists are now learning, the greatest help is in helping others to help themselves. ‘ To rise and take up the bed and walk.’ You can teach men that they are degraded

and helpless, and they will become so. We want to make life easy. We are jealous to bring back Eden, not by modifying circumstances. We may have an Eden, but the man must make the Eden, and not Eden the man. All good can only be attained by suffering and conflict and toil.

WHAT MAKES THE OAK SO STRONG?

The winds and storms have driven the roots firmer into the soil. The desire to live is what gives the pain of death. What millions are struggling to live! The man of science for light and knowledge. If we expect to be free from temptation we must expect to have less strength. We may help one most by letting him feel the consciousness of his own shiftlessness. Let us never forget that man must feel the responsibility, as in Milton — ‘Whose fault? I made him just and right.’ It is the condition of our progress to struggle; the man who meets his foe conquers. Until men’s energies are directed to possessing instead of professing, will the duty of self-help be required. As the best government is where the people are free and unrestricted, so the best religion teaches human responsibility. There is no artificial way to heaven and to escape hell. Our children should learn cause and effect. The boy who has lived among temptations and can say ‘no,’ is strong. Never do you do so much to help another as when you can feel and inspire him with confidence. As the man in this account, when told to ‘Rise, take his bed and walk,’ did so, astonished at his self-help. Did we summon a little of the courage that heaven has given us we might be similarly astonished. Look at Zacheas, the tax gatherer, whom men had despised until he despised himself. He came down when Jesus called him, his fears quieted with the assurance that he was also a son of Abraham. Poor Zacheas exclaimed, ‘I give half of my goods to the poor, and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him four fold.’ Jesus brought him to his true man-

hood. So we do a great wrong when we are waiting to be led down to some pool, when by courage we may help ourselves with the instrumentalities God so richly provides for us.

THEODORE D. WELD ON WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE venerable Theodore D. Weld read an elegantly prepared paper on Wendell Phillips. "Of all great things" he said, "great souls are the grandest. They open fountains in the desert — buoying up by their greatness the pilots out on the raging seas. A half a century ago, two such souls came crying, 'Repent! break every yoke and let the oppressed go free.' How they agonized! No news like that which flashed electric thought — and now millions rise up and call them blessed! Let us commune with the younger. A year ago his majestic form was borne to its kindred dust, and no name so lives to-day in the best hearts of his native city or is whispered more tenderly from ocean to ocean. It was not his genius so much as his goodness, that kindled this overpowering love. His genius was no single element, but equal forces blending into one — strong in each of the higher elements, all thus in union. This gave him vast power. — 1st, he had the intuitive quality. 2nd, strong self-poise. 3d, a heroism nothing could daunt. 4th, serene, independence, content to stand alone. 5th, fidelity of self-sacrifice. 6th, a moral courage unmoved by all contempt or clamor. 7th, all these were marshalled by an indomitable will, wrought out and voiced in transcendent strength and beauty. He had the subtle charm of a winning manner; his eye darting lightning on wrong or tyranny. His supremely unselfish life was a crown of glory. We cannot do justice in our notes to his glowing eulogy of this grand man." Mr. Weld also gave the testimony of a college room-mate — a son of Dr. Pierce of Brookline,

who said of him, "He is a man with a whole soul. He never said or did anything unbecoming a christian. He was above all pretence. His bible was always open on the centre of the table, and he was known to be just what he seemed to be. His standing was among the first, though a host of grand men were his companions. I never knew him to make a failure of anything he undertook, or knew him to hesitate. He was patient and laborious and he had a hatred to oppression in any form." Dr. Morrison says of him that he was a subject of a revival. Before that, he was given to occasional bursts of temper, but never after. After he had seen Garrison dragged through the streets of Boston, he spent two years in exploring the subject of slavery. This ripened him apace for his work. He felt that its breath was poison and a divine patriotism nerved him so that he counted it "all joy" to suffer in the cause. Two years after John Wesley uttered those stirring words — "Slavery is the sum of all villainies." Glorious old John Wesley! well he knew that language had no words too strong to portray its horrors. These Phillips had brooded over until he saw it blinding and blunting the public heart. Some men and women may be, had not bowed the knee to this Babel, but for sixty years the old cradle of liberty had stood still. He gave a thrilling account of how it was set rocking after the mobbing of Lovejoy, and how Channing and Phillips plead for freedom.

PROFESSOR HUDSON.

"Alone to such as fitly bear
Thy civic honors bid them fall,
And call thy daughters forth to share
The rights and duties pledged to all."

—*John G. Whittier.*

NEVER, perhaps, did a September open more gloriously fair and blooming than the present. With the foliage looking more like June than after it has passed the scorching days of

midsummer heat, it would seem that such a world of beauty was enough to compensate one for a host of ills. Indeed, when we heard Professor Hudson say recently that life was such a serious thing, he felt it was not worth living were it not for the hope of immortality and blessedness beyond, we involuntarily started and mentally asked one listener if it were so? And we wondered if that would be the universal verdict of those who not only enjoy this world so full of beauty, but the richer treasures of mental and spiritual beauty, which the world of letters and of thought opens up to them? When we know that, although misery abounds, yet the Good Father has provided such a world of bounty that not one of his children *need* to suffer from want when the balances are adjusted, and when we learn to realize that his care and love are not occasional but continued—as real in the cloud as in the sunshine—then all is well! Should we put so low a value on life in this sphere?

LYDIA MARIA CHILD TO C. S.

WHEN such noble women as Mary Livermore, Julia Ward Howe and Mary F. Eastman express in such unqualified terms their desire to enjoy the same political and social rights as their brothers, it would seem that they must be heard.

Lydia Maria Child said, years ago, to Charles Sumner, “I reduce the arguments to very simple elements. I pay taxes for property of my own earning and saving, and I do not believe in taxation without representation. As for representation by proxy that savors too much of the plantation system, however kind the master may be. I am a human being, and every human being has a right to a voice in the laws which claim authority to tax him. The exercise of rights always has a more salutary effect on character than the enjoyment of

privileges. Any class of human beings to whom a position of perpetual subordination is assigned, however much they may be petted and flattered, must inevitably be dwarfed, morally and intellectually. But for forty years I have keenly felt my limitations as a woman, and have submitted to them under perpetual and indignant protest. It is too late for the subject to be of much interest to me personally. I have walked in fetters *all my pilgrimage, and now I have but little farther to go.* But I see so clearly that domestic and public life would be so much ennobled by the perfect equality and companionship of men and women in all the departments of life, that I long to see it accomplished for the order and well being of the world."

REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE.

WORK OF THE TRUE CHURCH. — Rev. Minot J. Savage spoke on Sunday evening at the Unitarian church on the "Work of the True Church" being to aid man in achieving his true destiny. What, and how? The catechism says, by learning to "glorify God and enjoy him forever." As we can only see Him, in His works we must learn lovingly to obey them. An assumption that we have the whole of truth is a barrier to our highest development. An infallible guide leading in different ways is in the way of study and progress, and fosters spiritual pride. Noble, inspiring, grand book! We do not dispute any claims it makes, but intend to use all the light it gives to "work out our own salvation," and correct our mistakes. God lives to-day and speaks as really as in the past. All couriers are sacred who run on God's errands; all lips consecrated which speak for Him. Leaving the past, the future is ours. We are living in a new universe. The first has passed away. To the minds of intelligent men this is not the

world of Moses, of Jesus, of Paul or John Milton. It is new to us by being what it is. Science makes knowledge. Do people want ignorance of nature's laws? The old was fanciful and incomplete because the science of that day was so. To-day we do not believe in a God who would torture or destroy his children, or instruct them to commit crimes below the morality of the day. We repel the insinuations as if our Father had been slandered. We must have a new and higher conception of God and man.

Two hundred thousand years ago humanity was as the wild man in the woods, and has been going up grade instead of down. And "it doth not yet appear what we shall be," save that we shall be like Him. Curse! Man is climbing up out of the brute into mind and soul, with the problem before him of how to live. Passion and ignorance still cling to him, and sensuality keeps him from the "full stature of the perfect man." He is not fit to die till fit to live. You would not want to live in heaven with men you would not live in Hyde Park with. No character, no heaven, is the music of heavenly obedience. Humanity in tune have heaven already. We need faith that our Father is at the helm, and that he is competent. We could not trust a partial God. As all light is from the sun, so all spiritual truth is from God. Let us, then, be open to it from any source, for the mission of the church is to gather and reflect this light. And that which best receives it has most of inspiration and most of God. Indeed, nature's laws are the true laws of God. Education is the very door-way of heaven. Conversion is turning about and going right, obeying the laws of God in our being. We carry no pocket map of the other world, for the vineyards to be cultivated lay all about us and demand our human affection and labor. And we believe our friends who are humble are God's children, and this world a part of his many heavens. A good to-day is the best prepa-

ration for a good to-morrow. And as we go out into the unseen we will trust the Father's love, confidently believing

That when the morning breaketh,
He will not forget his child.

A beautiful piece of music set to the dear old words, "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly" was finely sung by the choir previous to the lecture, and at the close all joined in singing "The morning light is breaking."

TRIBUTE FROM THE PROVIDENCE JOURNAL TO ELIZABETH K. CHURCHILL.

THE community in which for many of her latest years Mrs. Churchill lived and labored, is to-day paying to her memory the tribute of appreciative and grateful thought.

We are her debtors because of her high ideals and her energy in trying to make them real. She longed to see the people about her leading clean and happy lives. She longed to stimulate their souls and to remove the hindrances by which some of them were sorely beset. With an earnestness, which was sometimes impatience, she toiled for these ends, using various and effective means. The moral atmosphere of our city is the purer because this woman of large gifts has abhorred moral pestilence.

The readers of the *Journal* well know how trenchantly her pen has been used in combating intemperance and inanity of living, in pleading for enlarged opportunities for struggling women, in widening the horizon of narrow thought, in detecting and shaming oppression.

Her life has been one of mental activity, overtaxing physical strength which was always small. She was the daughter of Dr. Aaron Kittredge, of Bedford, Mass., and was born in 1829. She was early married to Mr. William Churchill, of Lowell, who died about twenty years ago, leaving to his wife's efficient care two little sons.

Into the tenderness of her home life some insight is given by the story entitled "Overcoming," which was published in 1870. We copy its touching dedication to her elder son, whose destiny she clearly foresaw :—

"My Dear H.,—

For more than twenty-one years, thoughts of you and hopes for you have entered into all the warp and woof of my life. Our Father's thoughts and plans concerning you are higher and better than mine, and he has sent us tokens of His will that you should journey beyond the veil, where your hope is anchored. 'Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him.'

I commit you to the care of the glorified Man of Sorrows, who holds in his tender clasp the cords that unite all human souls, there as here.

As you stand upon the threshold of two worlds, looking backward with lingering, longing love, and forward with humble hope, I bring to you this little book. It is but a cluster of wayside pansies, but you will value it because the one who gathered them is, with undying love."

YOUR MOTHER.

For the maintenance and education of her young children, she exerted muscle as well as brain, being teacher of gymnastics at the Riverside Seminary, N. Y., for a year, and when about thirteen years ago, she came to Rhode Island, she organized gymnastic classes in Providence and neighboring towns.

She often and ably addressed audiences upon temperance and woman suffrage, subjects which were very dear to her. The Association for the Advancement of Women, chiefly known to the public by the annual "Women's Congress," numbered her among its officers, and to her, this city was indebted for the interesting sessions of that "Congress" held in Low's Opera House in the autumn of 1878. Partly through her connection with this society, Mrs. Churchill formed acquaintance with many of the ablest scientific and literary women in the United States, and her influence has led a number of them to address audiences in Providence.

The Rhode Island Woman's Club, a private Association, which has grown to so large proportions that its title and aims

are familiar to many of our readers, was organized mainly through Mrs. Churchill's efforts, and during the earlier years of its existence she had the chief charge of obtaining suitable essayists for the fortnightly meetings.

Her interest in the broader and deeper, as well as "higher education of women," was shown in countless ways. The Working-women's Lectures, instituted more than a year ago by Mrs. Churchill and another lady of Providence, and resumed this season, are too well known to need eulogium. Mrs. Churchill's latest appearance as a speaker was in this course last Tuesday afternoon, when she gave a thoughtful paper upon pre-natal influence. Her speech, like her pen, was fluent and keen. Both will be missed, but it is certain that both have quickened conscience which will continue her work. That no word ever slipped too rapidly from tongue or pen, her friends would not claim. But it is her love for humanity which will be chiefly remembered. Of versatile gifts, electric in thought, always seeking the truth, recognizing in an elaborate lecture the nobility of Harriet Martineau, while herself cherishing a very different faith, she has left in our memories a vivid picture. How easy it is to think of her in the words which Curtis applied to his friend Theodore Winthrop—"alive, alert, immortal."

AN EVENING WITH WHITTIER.

"And, hushed to silence by a reverent awe,
Methought, O friend I saw
In thy true life of word and work, and thought,
The proof of all we sought."

—*J. G. Whittier.*

THE lines above written after the passing away of that dear friend of his, Lydia Maria Child, in "Within the Gate," show with what tender, appreciative soul he regarded those who

worked in "freedom's hope forlorn" "with scorn of selfish ease." Those who were permitted to enjoy the rare treat of a season with some of these brave spirits had a most refreshing time at the house of Mrs. Payson, on the evening of Dec. 1.

AN EVENING WITH WHITTIER,

was announcement sufficient to fill the rooms to overflowing, and the radiant hostess had all she could do to seat the large company. General Carrington opened with a few remarks of interest concerning those early times, and gave a glimpse of John Brown as a Connecticut school teacher, glowing with freedom. He introduced the

HON. CHARLES COFFIN CARLETON,

who took us to the birthplace of Whittier, and gave, partly in the poet's own words, a history of his early life of economy and privation. He told of the effect that Whittier's poems had on his early life, and stopping, asked that Mrs. Tisdale would read the "Farewell of a Virginia slave mother to her daughter sold into Southern bondage." This she did most feelingly. His paper of itself would be a fine delineation of Whittier's life. Mr. Weld was next called upon, who gave delightful reminiscences of his acquaintance with the poet from the time when he was first shown the "black-eyed boy who would make his mark in the world," to the poet whose shy and sensitive spirit would never let him stop to receive a word of praise. He narrated the exclamation of the blinded examiner in Fowler & Wells' studio, who, putting his fingers on his head, said, "I don't know whether you ever wrote a line of poetry or not, but if not, you are a public robber?" He was too modest and conscientious to attend his (Weld's) wedding although he walked to the door with Abby Kelley and sent him a poem the next morning, commencing, "Alas and alas that a brother of mine," an amusing regret at his

leaving bachelorhood. Gen. Carrington then read a very fine poem, —

“We honor thee, Christian poet!
Oh, loved of thousands!
Thy words so full of power shall never fail,” etc.

Mrs. Tisdale then said that his heart went out for the suffering as well as the slave, and this song was one he enjoyed as much as any he had written — “What to her the song of the robin?” which she read exquisitely. Mrs. Payson then read a letter of regret from Oliver Wendell Holmes, with a poem for Mr. Weld’s little grandson, and another from Professor Brown, “New England claims and crowns the man!”

Mr. Buffum of Lynn, and Elizur Wright of famous memory, gave most interesting testimonials, the latter a short poem to the Poet “who had a heart to feel for human rights,” and for “the mother in the sacred home.” Mr. Buffum’s account of the early prejudice against color were very amusing. The outrages he saw moved him to the defence of the colored race, and he got out of a car for New Bedford because Douglas was ordered out, and made the journey with a “good anti-slavery horse.” He told of taking him to England and the reception there by the Marquis of Westminster, and the banquet that was made for him, etc.

Mrs. Tisdale then gave the “Taking of Lucknow,” and a vote of thanks was given to the speaker, and a most hearty silent one to the getters up of so pleasant an evening. The lateness of the hour prevented any response to the sentiment for Whittier, though we doubt not there was a great amount of inspiration awaiting utterance.

REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS.—In a temperance address made lately in Boston, said: “Never shall my hand or voice be lifted against so-called temperance fanatics. If ever a cause justified fanaticism, the temperance cause does. To me there is nothing more disgusting or more disheartening to the cause of humanity, than the selfish, ease-loving, luxurious man indulging in dissipation, and denouncing the temperance fanaticism.”

AMONG THE CHURCHES.



AT the Unitarian church, last Sabbath, Rev. Mr. Powers, of Manchester, N. H., preached. His text was from John iii, 4, "The life was the light of men." The influence of this grandest life has penetrated all conditions. When living in Palestine he drew men to him by the ineffable charm of his presence and words, and the blessed influence of his life has streamed through the most beclouded intellect. These thrill with their sublime music thousands who know not yet their significance. The despot trembles as he hears their words of tenderness for the poor and the oppressed. His cross was endured because he was so unselfishly *true to the truth*. The obligation of truth is made to keep its hold, and the darkness of the world lessens as he becomes more and more the light of men. It is the prerogative of all to put forth life, or expression, or influence, according to the predominant quality of their life. The savage and brutal are kept in check, controlled and Christianized by the lives which, as far as they are right, are lives of God himself; for it is not God we can become acquainted with, and the lives of the best of men become lights to others.* The life of all past ages is handed down to us — the warmth of Paul going to Damascus; the tenderness of Mary — for we are heirs of all the ages — not dominated by the past, but from it having derived many of the elements of our growth. A man's light or influence, depends on what he is in his interior life or character, and life depends more on quality than activity. One eloquent speaker fails to move conscience, when a far simpler man charms and helps, Goodness tells. The essential life creates an atmosphere, for there is nothing lost in the universe of God. Men

cannot see the beauty of virtue and its contrast with vice without being affected. Every good act is a sunbeam, an expression of the life within and from the infinity of God. Life and responsibility are commensurate; all who have a genuine life are benefiting others. We live in glass houses. We cannot keep back the sweet fragrance of our lives. Only to be, is to exert our influence. We are a curse if not a blessing. Doing nothing leads to damnation, in a Unitarian as in any other. Only those who cease to live can cease to shine and grow. All things are moral in God's universe and work for him. The speaker here alluded to Robert Browning's beautiful tale of the Italian girl going out on her holiday and singing of "God in his heaven," from her innocent, happy heart, and how no less than three different persons were uplifted in the crises of their lives by her strains. When she reached home at night she wondered how near she might ever approach the grand beings in the castles she had passed. But her melody had woven itself into the offices of prophet and reformer and friend. Thus, in the kingdom of heaven, "God hath chosen the weak things to confound the mighty."

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

REV. JAMES HUXTABLE gave, some time since, a most interesting description of this famous edifice. In commencing he spoke of the vastness of London, where it was situated, and said that Boston, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago and St. Louis, all together, would not equal London. Westminster Abbey was built for a religious house or chapter, where resided the dean and his colleagues, and was afterward famous as the place where Parliament met. A rapid survey was taken of the resting places of the kings and queens whose memorials are here, and an apt and fitting word on their life

characteristics, with a fine description of the Poet's Corner and the beautiful chapel you pass in reaching it. The noble army of the dead you pass rise before you, and impress you with an idea of the infinite wealth of mind and moral grandeur, such as in our common-place life we become almost unmindful of. Next to *going* to Westminster Abbey must be such a vivid mind picture as this delightful lecture gives. It would form a most interesting addition to any lecture course, or a most instructive lesson taken by itself, so full of information and keen analysis of the immortal host passed on.

THE THOUGHT CLUB.

THE third lecture of the Thought Club course was given Tuesday evening by Lysander Dickerman; his subject, "Art and Architecture in Egypt," illustrated by the stereopticon. The speaker was introduced by Miss Pratt, president of the club, and he held the close attention of his audience for an hour and a half. He first gave a general description of Egyptian architecture, materials and tools used, the motive for building, etc. He spoke of the patience of the Egyptian workers in stone, centuries being consumed in the erection of many of their buildings. "Their motive was not money, not utility, not fame, but gratefulness to God." Their temples, pyramids and obelisks were graphically described, and as one after the other was pictured upon the screen, the audience might easily imagine themselves among and within the wonderful structures. "All things dread time, but time itself dreads the pyramids," seems equitable when one thinks of the centuries upon centuries they have survived, and will, without doubt, stand to the end. The flowers of the different species of the lotus were shown; also, how they were worked into the architecture. The plan of the home, the needlework of the women, were each touched upon and pictured on the

screen. As an example of ancient American architecture, the old mill at Newport was shown, carrying some of the first members of the club back three years to their pleasant summer's trip to that city. The Egyptians and Greeks had a style of architecture all their own, made for use, beauty and endurance; and why, as a free country, cannot we have a style of our own, and not import the Egyptian obelisk, or stoop to a poor imitation of that of other lands?

REV. JAMES HUXTABLE.

“Swing inward, O gates of the future,
Swing outward ye gates of the past,
For the soul of the people is moving
And rising from slumber at last;
The black forms of night are retreating,
The white peaks have signalled the day,
And Freedom her long roll is beating
And calling her sons to the fray.”

—*James G. Clark.*

THE discourse of Jesus with the woman at the well was the subject of Rev. James Huxtable's remarks last Sunday. The woman and the people were surprised that Jesus, being a Jew, would fellowship a Samaritan; but he says, “God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.” Only in spirit is he truly worshipped. Old traditions cling to us; some are precious, but others prevent the truths of science from doing their best work, as when we are held to the acceptance of unreasonable ideas. We may say that great and good men who have studied these subjects all their lives believe them, and doubt is sinful. Sincerity of belief is not enough, good as it is. The bitterest of persecutions have been carried on in sincerity. The same good sense we would use in worldly affairs should be used in religion. Reason is the noblest gift of God to man. As the eye to see

or the ear to hear, it is given for use. When you put a shackle on it to make it subservient to tradition, you occasion suffering. The world suffers to-day by the attempts to stifle reason. When a man begins to see the loving Father as he is, his reverence is increased and larger ideas flood his soul. He may wonder he ever could have believed such contradictions. No truth will ever suffer by honest investigation, and the heart that can thus grasp that great love is the one who loves God. If men would only teach as Jesus did, in the freedom of truth, in the spirit of the Eternal, their hearers would learn where God is found. Though full of strong utterances, the discourse was eminently calm and impressive, and was followed by the congregation singing Herbert's beautiful hymn: —

“Teach me, my Lord and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.”

A THOUGHT FROM RUSKIN.

“Shakespeare has no heroes; he has only heroines,” says Ruskin. As with Shakespeare so with Walter Scott—it is the woman who watches over, teaches and guides the youth; it is never by any chance the youth who watches over or educates his mistress. Next take the testimony of the great Italians and Greeks. You know well the plan of Dante's great poem—a love poem to his dead lady, a song of praise for her watch over his soul. Stooping to pity, she saves him from destruction. So of the deliberate writing of a knight of Pisa, wholly characteristic of the feeling of all the noblest men of the thirteenth century preserved among many such records: —

“A man from a wild beast
Thou madest me, since for thy love I lived.”

I could take you to Chaucer and show you why he wrote a Legend of Good Women, but no Legend of Good Men.

REV. WARREN H. CUDWORTH.

THE second lecture of the Lyceum Course was delivered on Tuesday evening last by the Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, his theme being "In the Dark." Notwithstanding its title, Mr. Cudworth contrived to extract a surprising amount of luminosity from his subject. "In the dark," he showed, necessarily implied the existence of light. The eclipse of the sun by the moon, for instance, once looked upon with such dread, would be impossible without the sun's light. All our mistakes and short comings in life are because of the fact that we are in the dark in regard to some natural laws, or to the main-springs of character of those whom we misjudge. The lecturer said that our being left in the dark for a time was necessary to bring out our better qualities. Unless in the dark, we could have neither faith, hope nor charity; for faith implies belief in what is not seen; hope when we are no longer in the dark ceases to be hope, and blossoms into fruition; and charity in to judgment of others is possible because we do not know but only ascribe motives to their acts and deeds. The rise and spread of great inventions, scientific truths, etc., were also shown to be owing to struggles against great obstacles, and a coming out of the dark. The lecture was full of choice thoughts, plentifully spiced with wit and anecdote which the reverend gentleman knows so well how to use with edifying effect.

“ There is no unbelief;
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says when clouds are in the sky,
“ Be patient, heart, light breaketh by-and-by,
Trust the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.”

APPRECIATED TRUTHS FROM E. HUMPHREY.

THE subject of Woman suffrage is crowding upon us for solution, and will continue to do so until we give it just and manly consideration. We have become so accustomed to considering woman as a *tolerated fragment* of the body politic, that we err in our logic whenever we consider her inherent rights or attempt to do her justice. That a woman has a higher mission than to simply be society's bauble, is coming to be acknowledged and acted upon. To hold good rank in society it is not essential that our wives and daughters should be walking fashion-plates. The head is a more potent factor in our best civilization than the floral aberration that bedecks it. The large and loving heart is a better passport to the inner sanctuary of life, than are the tangled tints which revel in the folds of costly and elaborate dress. To be petted, flattered and fawned upon is not the highest ambition of noble womanhood, but rather to be respected, appreciated and loved. Woman has already won her position in art, literature and science, (we have magnanimously granted the domestic realm) and now she stands on the very threshold of political action, and is knocking vigorously. Some would gladly open the door and bid her welcome, but society tugs at their hands to hinder them, fearing, probably, that political action will be shorn of its *present purity*. Has woman ever entered any field of laudable endeavor that she has not cultivated and adorned? We may still keep her from political participation in public affairs, but so long as we do, masculine force will dominate, and justice and equity will be imperilled. The isolation of either sex is harmful in result, in whatever direction human energy and purpose projects itself. "What God has joined together let no man put asunder" has been cramped to a marriage shibboleth, when it truly applies in

its fullest significance to every interest which clusters about human destiny.

The premises here outlined being correct, the way out of entangling difficulties grows clear. This "woman question," like many others, is wilfully misrepresented, because it runs athwart prejudice and self-interest. Divinely guided reason declares woman's equality with man, save when the barbarous desire to make physical superiority the test of human rights beclouds the mind. If a republican form of government means anything, it is this, that every one of mature years shall have equal sovereignty in its establishment, protection and perpetuity. This being true, what right has man either to concede or withhold that which is a woman's birthright? The most that man can do is to restore that which he has so long denied, and then take abundant leisure to repent of the outrage he has so persistently committed.

The subject has again received its annual defeat in our State Legislature; again has masculine prowess won a questionable victory. Our Representative is honored, as is his constituency, by arraying himself on this question in line with right and justice; to him our thanks are due and given.

Wisdom will outlive the opposing Solons, and will find at some later period valiant souls who will *dare* to admit woman to equal sovereignty with man. The future is bright with promise; the ideal Republic will not fail of realization; man and woman will yet walk the earth clothed with the panoply of power, gracing the exercise of their dominion by mutual authority and respect.

THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS.

The city hall of Portland, with its committee room, was at the disposal of the Congress, and the platform was beautifully decorated by the Dickens Club with flowers and artistic gems of

beauty and use; so that the president, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, her accompanying secretary and treasurer seemed as if seated in a charming parlor. They showed the vast amount of work done for science and philanthropy by these women, whose homes are no less ably carried on.

The local and associated press reported so fully and well that it was a great relief to those wishing to chronicle the doings of the Congress, some of the lengthy papers being reported entire. One or two papers failed of arriving, but Miss Mitchell's "Study of Saturn," was read by Mrs. General Lander, the astronomer being at present too busy with her telescope to attend the Congress. Her sister, Mrs. Kendall, was active and ballot counter. Miss Eastman seemed to be the favorite speaker, and was repeatedly cheered.

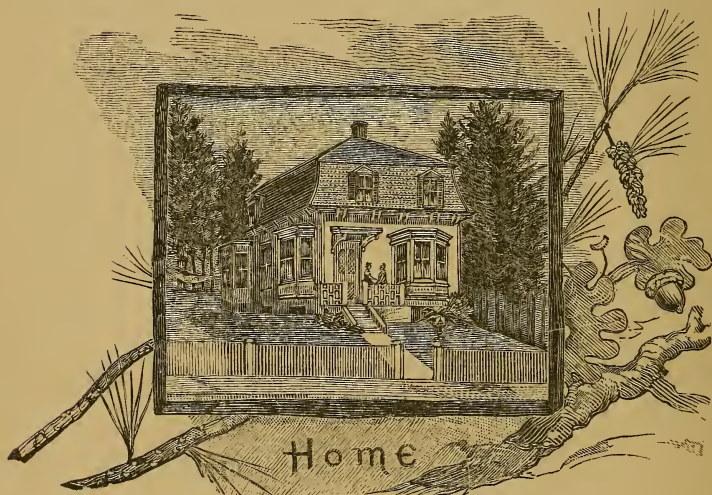
But the half cannot be told in our short notice. The three days' session closed on Friday evening, 13th inst. Miss Abby May thanked the city, the press, the host and all for their kind attention, for the fine music, and for the invitation from the directors of the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad to visit White Mountain Notch; also to Mrs. Spring for the visit to the Old Ladies' Home, and declared the tenth Congress adjourned.

Saturday morning the members met at the station, and, in spite of drizzly weather, were most of them bound for the mountains. The trees were simply gorgeous in their garments of flame, reminding one of "the burning bush." The gentlemanly superintendent, Gen. Anderson, accompanied them and in the observation cars explained all the points of interest. When the clouds opened just a little to let the party see beyond, and the dark, rugged side of a mighty mountain appeared where we had been used to see the blue sky, it was a thrilling surprise. Our Portland hosts, whose hospitality was unbounded, had anticipated the closing of hotels at Fabyan's

and prepared a bounteous repast, and, with cheers for the General and adieus to the Portlanders, this non-carousing party took train for Boston and home in the best of spirits.

A PARTING WORD.

IN coming to the close of our little collection, which will doubtless show many faults that the ordinary eye cannot fail to detect, we kindly ask your charity and forbearance, in consideration of our sincerity of desire to produce in a convenient form, thoughts we have considered too good to be lost or which might be in the least degree helpful to others.





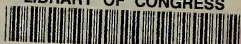
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